





SCENES IN THE LIVES
OF THE
PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS.



Woodforde.

Sartain.

SAUL PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER.

S E N E S

IN THE LIVES OF THE

PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS

EDITED BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.



HEBRON

PHILADELPHIA

LINDSAY AND BLAKISTON.

SCENES IN THE LIVES
OF THE
PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS.

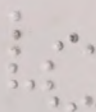
EDITED BY
THE REV. H. ^{oratio} HASTINGS WELD.

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"Bury me with my fathers in the cave
The Patriarch purchased of the sons of Heth.
Where Abraham slumbers, and where Isaac rests,
Where Sarah and Rebekah wait the dawn
Of the last morning—and where Leah sleeps,
Leah the tender-eyed, there let me lie—
I buried her in Hebron."—

Did the thought
That Rachel slept at Bethlehem, in that hour,
Come to the dying man? He gathered up
His limbs in decent calmness; and his spirit,
Careful no longer where the body tarried,
Was gathered to his fathers.

GENESIS xl. 29—33.




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P R E F A C E.

It is a grateful evidence of correct and elevated taste, when Sacred Poetry is desired by the reading public; and, in answer to the demand created by such a preference, we issue our Third Volume of Illustrated Sacred Verse. The themes in this book, among the most sublime in the Sacred Record, are still many of them those least common to the writers and readers of Religious Poetry. We have preferred to well-known poems on particular subjects, others less easily accessible. From these causes, while the collection may not embrace certain pieces of the best, but, from that very fact, most familiar Sacred Poetry, it will be found, we think, to offer a most acceptable addition to that already current among us. Strict chronological order in the arrangement was incompatible with the proper disposition of the plates. With these remarks we dismiss the book to the kind favour of the reader, confident that these efforts of the Pencil and the Pen to win attention to the subject of all others most important, will be accepted by our friends: and trusting, above all, that they may be blessed of Him, without whose approval all labour is vain.

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ENGRAVED ON STEEL,

BY JOHN SARTAIN, PHILADELPHIA.

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PROEM.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

I.

NIGHT, stern, eternal, and alone,
Girded with solemn silence round,
Majestic on his starless throne,
Sat brooding o'er the vast profound—
And there unbroken darkness lay,
Deeper than that which veils the tomb,
While circling ages wheeled away
Unnoted 'mid the voiceless gloom.

II.

Then moved upon the waveless deep
The quickening SPIRIT of the LORD,
And broken was its pulseless sleep
Before the EVERLASTING WORD!

“Let there be Light!” and listening earth,
 With tree, and plant, and flowery sod,
 “In the beginning” sprang to birth,
 Obedient to the voice of God.

III.

Then, in his burning track, the sun
 Trod onward to his joyous noon,
 And in the heavens, one by one,
 Clustered the stars around the moon—
 In glory bathed, the radiant day
 Wore like a king his crown of light—
 And, girdled by the “Milky Way,”
 How queenly looked the star-gemm’d night!

IV.

Bursting from choirs celestial, rang
 Triumphant the notes of song;
 The morning stars together sang
 In concert with the heavenly throng;
 And earth enraptured, caught the strain
 That thrill’d along her fields of air,
 Till every mountain top and plain
 Flung back an answering echo there!

V.

CREATOR! let thy SPIRIT shine
 The darkness of our souls within,
 And lead us by thy grace divine
 From the forbidden paths of sin;

And may that voice which bade the earth
From Chaos and the realms of Night,
From doubt and darkness call us forth
To God's own liberty and light !

VI.

Thus, made partakers of THY love,
The baptism of the SPIRIT ours,
Our grateful hearts shall rise above,
Renewed in purposes and powers ;
And songs of joy again shall ring
Triumphant through the arch of Heaven—
The glorious song which angels sing,
Exulting over souls forgiven !

SCENES IN THE LIVES
OF
THE PATRIARCHS AND PROPHETS.

PROPHECY.

SAMUEL HAYES.

For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man : but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost.—2 PETER i. 21.

God at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the Fathers by the Prophets.—HEBREWS i. 1.

He spake by the mouth of his holy Prophets, which have been since the world began.—ST. LUKE i. 70.

WHEN the Almighty Fiat, from the gloom
Of chaos drawn to light had now arrang'd
The jarring seeds, the last, the most sublime
Of all his works was Man call'd forth ; to him
The Sovereign Word gave empire o'er the whole :
And lest a life without the genial aid
Of social intercourse should barren prove
Of real joys, a partner He bestow'd,
Whose milder converse and endearing love

Might cheer the lonely hour. Their blest retreat
Was Eden's groves. "Of all the trees, save that
Which in the midst exalts its head, 'tis yours
To taste; but if the interdicted fruit
Ye dare to touch, the deed devotes ye both
Victims to death;" said that Creative Voice
Which form'd the spacious globe.—O happy pair,
Lords of fair Eden's blooming range, where earth,
Benignant parent, from her verdant lap
Spontaneous pour'd immortal sweets, and gave
Whate'er could minister delight! too soon,
Alas! this scene, was clos'd. Behold them now,
(So lately rich in happiness, and blest
With converse of the Living God) o'erwhelm'd
In misery, and tortur'd by the stings
Of conscious guilt.—"The day in which ye dare
To taste, dooms ye to death."—Like the dire voice
Of thunder to benighted travellers, sounds
The awful sentence. Heav'n's avenging Judge
Descends, and ratifies His word. Yet still
Though rebel guilt calls down dread vengeance, God,
In mercy as in justice infinite,
Acts not like tyrant man array'd in pow'r;
Celestial justice dooms the erring pair
To death, yet, 'midst the terrors of the doom,
Celestial mercy sends a comforter
To cheer the wounded mind, and dissipate
Exile's dark gloom. Though sentenced Adam stand
To forfeit Eden's bow'rs, to have the ground
Accurs'd, by daily labour to provide
For life's support; though Eve be doom'd to feel

The sorrows of conception, bright'ning hope
Allays the sharpness of their fate: assur'd
The woman's seed should bruise the serpent's head,
They better can sustain the load. 'Twas this
Prophetic declaration, that their fall
Should be aveng'd, which in the trying hour
Of anguish could alone avert despair.

Hence pass we on to that accursed age,
When sin with giant stride through all the world
Triumphant stalk'd. Chain'd in the servile bonds
Of fell iniquity, degen'rate man
To idols bent the prostituted knee.
By Heav'n's command th' accumulated waves
Of ocean burst their limits, o'er the face
Of the wide earth rolls the avenging flood,
And in its gulf o'erwhelmed all, save those
Whose hearts amidst the universal lapse
Untainted stand. Then God preserves, restores,
And having rescued, thus declares: "No more
For human sins the ground shall be accurs'd."
Hence men, by these vindictive judgments warn'd,
For many ages walk'd upright, nor swerv'd
From piety's straight path. In all that time,
That golden time, no word of prophecy
Was giv'n.—But see! again idolatry
Erects its head profane; rebellious man
In impious error plung'd revolts. Here God,
To reinstate religion, to call back
The alienated heart, once more renews
His saving oracles. The Son of Terah,

Led by celestial auspices, from Ur,
 Chaldean Ur, the seat of idols, bends
 His unwilling steps. Tho' round him num'rous tribes,
 Sworn foes to Heav'n's dread Ruler, pitch their tents,
 No wayward doubts nor coward fear appal
 The patriarch's soul. By the bright hope sustain'd
 That in his seed all nations should be blest,
 Calm and unmov'd the delegated seer
 Submissive bends to the eternal will.
 When Israel's sons in Egypt dwelt, what time
 Temptations numberless assail'd their faith,
 To cherish this immortal hope, and arm
 The breast against the hand of tyrant pow'r,
 Thus Jacob with his dying voice pronounc'd:
 "The sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart,
 Nor a lawgiver from between his feet,
 'Till Shiloh come."

What hope of this remains
 To Israel? Pharaoh gives the dire decree,
 That ev'ry male of Hebrew born, to death
 Should be consign'd. But who can counteract
 Th' eternal will? What mortal arm oppose
 Th' immutable decree of God? Thermutis*
 Now rescues Amram's son, and for her own
 Adopts him. Spurning the nefarious court
 And all its wanton pomp, he rather chose
 With his own people to endure distress
 And bondage, than be hail'd adopted son
 Of Egypt's crown.—Why should I here recite

* The name given by Josephus to Pharaoh's daughter.

The judgments of offended Heav'n pour'd forth
Upon the head of Pharaoh? How the waves,
Aw'd by the rod of Moses, overwhelm'd
Proud Egypt's marshall'd legions?—Israel's sons,
Beneath the guidance of the Lord of Hosts
Secure, to Canaan's promis'd fields direct
Their steps; yet ever and anon the soul,
Revolting from its due allegiance, dares
In discontented murmurings arraign
The acts of Providence. With wondrous pow'r
Endu'd, oft Moses calms the factious crew,
And leads them to their faith. Him 'bove the rest
Jehovah favours, unto him declares,
“A prophet 'mongst thy brethren will I raise
In pow'r miraculous like thee; to him
Shall all the people with attentive ears
Incline, for from his sacred mouth My words,
My hallow'd dictates shall proceed. Whoe'er
Unmindful of My works by him achiev'd,
Or swell'n with contumacy, disregards
My gracious precepts, him with ruin dire
Will I extirpate.”

Onward as we trace
God's oracles, Redemption is the point
To which they all converge. When strong in faith,
And fir'd with holy zeal to vindicate
Heav'n's violated honours, Jesse's son
Undaunted sought th' embattl'd ranks, then fell
Philistia's glory; he, who had defied
The armies of the Living God, the tow'r,

The bulwark of the vaunting foe, o'erthrown
By the weak arm of a derided youth,
Fell prostrate on the earth. Avenging Heav'n
Rais'd David to the throne; nor left him thus
Without a future hope to calm the hour
Of death, but gave His never-failing word,
That from the root of Jesse there should spring
Perpetual empire. "When the stated years
Of life are pass'd, and in the silent tomb
Thou with thy fathers rest, (Jehovah said)
Thy seed will I exalt, and on thy throne
In glory 'stablish it. My mercy ne'er
From thee will I withdraw; thy kingdom, fix'd
Upon a base which neither pow'r can shake,
Nor rolling years subvert, shall ever stand."

O goodness infinite! What could ye less,
Ye chosen race, than raise to Heav'n alone
The choral hymn? What less, than unto Him,
Whose gracious oracles had thus pronounc'd
You heirs of such supreme, immortal blessings,
All honour, praise and majesty ascribe?
Yet the obdurate heart, of the rich gift
Unmindful, spurn'd the Giver, and ingrate
Rejected Heav'n's exalted love. The tribes,
Th' apostate tribes, revolting from the laws
Ordain'd by God, sunk in idolatry,
On ev'ry hill, and under ev'ry tree
Vain images erect. To Baal then,
And unto all th' ethereal host, they raise
Their altars, and around the impious fires

Chaunt orgies to their gods. At length in wrath
And anger terrible, Jehovah rose,
And on their guilty heads shot forth the shafts
Of final ruin, gave them up a prey
To foreign spoilers. With dread terrors arm'd,
Stern Shalmaneser pours his num'rous hosts
O'er Israel's fertile plains; Samaria's walls
Three years retard the monarch's course. At length,
Degen'rate Israel (whom in former days
The Lord their God had brought with pow'rful hand
And outstretch'd arm from Egypt's coasts,) beneath
Assyrian bondage bow'd. The rebel tribes
By hostile chains oppress'd, and captive led
From their own native realms, no more return'd
To taste the sweets of liberty. Far off
In Halah and in Habor by the stream
Of Gozan, and amongst the tyrant Medes,
Vengeance had doom'd them to perpetual bonds.
For Judah's sons far other fates remain'd :
They captive led to Babylonian pow'r
Were slaves indeed, but not for ever doom'd
To bear the galling yoke. When seventy years
(The term by Heav'n assign'd) had laps'd, that race
Redeem'd by Cyrus, (whose anointed arm,
Isaiah had foretold, should blast the pow'r
Of tyrant Babylon, and from the throne
Hurl her idolatrous Prince) to Canaan's fields,
Their long-lost heritage, return; there build
A votive temple, and there still a tribe,
A separate people they remain, till Rome
In final ruin Solyma overthrow.—

Dost thou, O sceptic, say, all this was caus'd
By chance, that visionary word, by which
The captious infidel solves ev'ry doubt,
Solves each event, when his perverted mind
Dares blindly disavow the real cause?
But if in this award thou own'st the hand
Of Heav'n, as sure thou must, should serious thought
Have aught of influence, tell me whence this tribe
Above the other exiles stood absolv'd?
Was it that they with purer ardour fir'd
Stood from pollution free amongst the rest?
This could not be—Read—Their own annals search,
And tell, if aught thou find'st in them of good
To challenge such regard! Not they themselves
Were fam'd for holy worship, for more zeal
Renown'd, than those ill-fated tribes whom Heav'n
To endless banishment consign'd. Why then
This partial favour shown to them? Once more
The sacred records search, read there the cause:
“The sceptre ne'er from Judah shall depart,
Nor a lawgiver from between his feet,
'Till Shiloh come.” Here solve thou ev'ry doubt,
Nor impious call in chance. The blessed seed
Had been to Judah promis'd—to preserve
That word inviolate, when Heav'n had doom'd
The other tribes to everlasting bonds,
Th' Almighty King from servitude redeem'd
The sons of Judah, bade them back return
To Canaan's plains, 'till the predicted time
Should come, when prophecy should be fulfill'd,
And all the nations of the earth be blest.

Amidst the dark'ning gloom of adverse fate,
The scoffs, the triumphs of insulting foes,
Where was thy refuge, Faith? In those drear times,
When Israel bent beneath the servile yoke
Of heathen tyrants, when Jehovah's self,
(Whose tutelary arm so oft of old
Confounded regal pride, and through the storms
Of formidable war, in safety led
The conquering bands) when He throughout their tribes
Pour'd forth the terrors of o'erwhelming wrath,
And drove them into exile, from what source
Did comfort spring? Amidst th' involving gloom
A purer ray shot forth. The hallow'd page
Peruse, see there unfolded to the view
In brightest characters, each circumstance
Of that long-promised seed, to whom all nations
Should blessings owe. "Wrapt into future times,"
The glowing bards unfold Messiah's reign:
The time, the place of his auspicious birth,
His wondrous works, the suff'rings he should bear
To reinstate apostate man, were all
In the enraptur'd prophet's visions shown.
Though all around distress and bonds appear'd,
Triumphant faith by these immortal hopes
Exalted, brav'd the storm, and calm amidst
Surrounding evils, suppliant and resigned
Look'd forward to Redemption's glorious dawn.

These were the ends of prophecy, that sure
And stable word, to guide the devious step
In truth's bewilder'd path, to raise the soul

Above external ills ; that guardian ray
Sent from on high, amidst the gloom to shine,
And light desponding men, till the day dawn'd,
And the day-star arose within their hearts.
When inspiration by the prophet's voice
Had open'd to the world the future scene
Of its salvation, and most clearly mark'd
The coming of that pow'r, whose works on earth
Should from primeval sin absolve the soul,
Ere many years had pass'd away, the gift
Of prophecy was lost : O proof beyond
A doubt, that ev'ry oracle of old
To the same centre tended, and that all
The promises to God's selected race
Through ev'ry age, receiv'd the stamp of truth
In the appearance of the blessed seed.

He is the saving, the avenging seed
Foretold to Adam, who should bruise the head
Of the insidious serpent ; He that seed
Promis'd to faithful Abraham, from whom
On ev'ry nation blessings should descend :
He is the star, that should from Jacob come,
The sceptre which from Israel should arise,
And over Moab's haughty princes spread
The judgments of celestial wrath : the son
To righteous David promis'd, He whose throne
Should through all ages stand : He is the King
Who should from Sion rise to endless pow'r.
Here then the prophecies, which God had given
To light the lamp of hope in darker times,

Are perfected ; now Israel's empire shakes,
The sceptre now from Judah's house departs.

That people once
So famed, whom God himself vouchsaf'd to call
His chosen race, and with a guardian hand
Deign'd to protect, from Palestine exiled,
Are doom'd to wander ; although scatter'd thus
Through all the globe, there is no clime which they
Can call their own, no country where their laws
Hold sov'reign rule. Irrefragable proof,
That ev'ry oracle of holy writ
Was giv'n by Heav'n itself ! The wand'ring tribes
Through the whole earth this evidence diffuse,
That Christ was that predicted seed, who should
A fallen world in Heav'n's lost heritage
Triumphant reinstate, and, Conqueror
O'er the dread empire of dethroned Death,
Bring life and immortality to light.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

JAMES GRAHAME.

And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it : because that in it He had rested from all his work which God had created and made.

Six days the heavenly host in circle vast,
Like that untouching cincture which enzones
The globe of Saturn, compassed wide this orb,
And with the forming mass floated along
In rapid course, through yet untravelled space,
Beholding God's stupendous power,—a world
Bursting from chaos at the omnific will,
And perfect ere the sixth day's evening star
On Paradise arose. Blessed that eve !
The Sabbath's harbinger, when, all complete,
In freshest beauty, from Jehovah's hand,
Creation bloomed ; when Eden's twilight face
Smiled like a sleeping babe : the voice divine
A holy calm breath'd o'er the goodly work ;
Mildly the sun upon the loftiest tree
Shed mellowly a sloping beam. Peace reigned,
And love, and gratitude. The human pair

Their orisons poured forth ; love, concord reigned.
The falcon, perched upon the blooming bough
With Philomela, listened to her lay ;
Among the antlered herd the tiger crouched,
Harmless ; the lion's mane no terror spread
Among the careless, ruminating flock.
Silence was o'er the deep ; the noiseless surge,
The last subsiding wave of that dread tumult
Which raged when ocean, at the mute command,
Rushed furiously into his new-cleft bed,
Was gently rippling on the pebbled shore ;
While on the swell the sea-bird, with her head
Wing-veiled, slept tranquilly. The host of heaven,
Entranced in new delight, speechless adored ;
Nor stopped their fleet career, nor changed their form
Encircular, till on that hemisphere,—
In which the blissful garden sweet exhaled
Its incense, odorous clouds,—the Sabbath dawn
Arose ; then wide the flying circle sped,
And soared in semblance of a mighty rainbow.
Silent ascend the choirs of seraphim ;
No harp resounds, mute each voice is ; the burst
Of joy and praise reluctant they repress,—
For love and concord all things so attuned
To harmony, that earth must have received
The grand vibration, and to the centre shook ;
But soon as to the starry altitudes
They reached, then what a storm of sound tremendous
Swelled through the realms of space. The morning stars
Together sang, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy ! Loud was the peal ; so loud

As would have quite o'erwhelmed human sense;
But to the earth it came a gentle strain,
Like softest fall breathed from Æolean lute,
When 'mid the chords the evening gale expires.
"Day of the Lord! creation's hallowed close!
Day of the Lord!" (prophetical they sang,
"Benignant mitigation of that doom
Which must, ere long, consign the fallen race,
Dwellers in yonder star, to toil and wo."

THE DEATH OF ABEL.

JOHN MILTON.

And Cain talked with Abel his brother : and it came to pass when they were in the field, that Cain rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him.—GENESIS iv. 8.

ADAM, now ope thine eyes, and first behold
Th' effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee, who never touch'd
Th' excepted tree, nor with the snake conspir'd,
Nor sinned thy sin ; yet from that sin derive
Corruption, to bring forth more violent deeds.

His eyes he open'd, and beheld a field,
Part arable and tilth, whereon were sheaves
New-reap'd ; the other part sheep-walks and folds ;
I' th' midst an altar as the landmark stood,
Rustic, of grassy sord. Thither anon
A sweaty reaper, from his tillage, brought
First-fruits ; the green ear and the yellow sheaf,
Uncull'd, as came to hand. A shepherd next,
More meek, came with the firstlings of his flock,
Choicest and best ; then sacrificing, laid

The inwards, and then fat, with incense strow'd,
On the cleft wood, and all due rites perform'd.
His offering soon propitious fire from Heaven
Consumed, with nimble glance and grateful steam ;
The other's not, for his was not sincere ;
Whereat he only raged, and as they talked,
Smote him into the midriff, with a stone
That beat out life. He fell, and deadly pale,
Groan'd out his soul, with gushing blood effus'd.
Much at that sight was Adam in his heart
Dismay'd ; and thus in haste to th' angel cried :

“ Oh, Teacher ! some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrificed !
Is piety thus, and pure devotion paid ? ”

T' whom Michael thus (he also moved) replied :
“ These two are brethren, Adam, and to come
Out of thy loins. Th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envy that his brother's offering found
From Heaven acceptance ; but the bloody fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' other's faith approv'd
Lose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rolling in dust and gore.” To which our sire :

“ Alas ! both for the deed, and for the cause !
But have I now seen Death ? Is this the way
I must return to native dust ? Oh sight
Of terror, foul, and ugly to behold !
Horrid to think ! How horrible to feel ! ”

ENOCH.

FELICIA HEMANS.

And Enoch walked with God: and he was not, for God took him.—GENESIS v. 24.

HE walked with God, in holy joy,
 Whilst yet his days were few;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
 To love and reverence grew.
Whether, each nightly star to count
 The ancient hills he trod,
Or sought the flowers by stream and fount—
 Alike he walked with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
 The full of cares and fears;
One voice was in his heart—the same
 Is heard through childhood's years.
Amidst fair tents and flocks and swains,
 O'er his green pasture sod,
A shepherd-king on eastern plains
 The patriarch walked with God.

And calmly, brightly, that pure life
Melted from earth away ;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay ;
He bowed him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But joined at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God.

So let us walk !—the night must come
To us, that comes to all ;
We through the darkness must go home,
Hearing the trumpet's call.
Closed is the path, for evermore,
Which without death he trod ;
Not so that way, wherein of yore
His footsteps walked with God.

THE DELUGE.

JOHN ROBERTS.

And the waters prevailed upon the earth an hundred and fifty days.—GENESIS vii. 24.

WHITE shine the breaking billows, silver foam,
Prognosticating storm; the screaming mew
And rav'nous bittern skim along the brine
Low dropping, or their pinions half inclose
In the dark spray; bright spots of ruddy fire
Flecker the azure vault, with dusky hue
Deep-skirted, couriers of the storm—anon
With furious expedition falls the rain
Darting impetuous down; the scowling sky
Darkness invests, deep doleful shade, one night,
Night palpable; save where athwart the gloom
The glaring vollied lightning served to show
Sad piteous scenes of horror and dismay;
Despairing victims struggling up the elm
Or ragged oak, and in a moment swept
By fury irresistible; some gain
The rock, and thence with haggard look descry

Their wives, their panting children in mid way
Pursu'd, or dash'd against the pointed cliff,
Sad sport of whirlwinds. At Thy stern rebuke,
Lord of the roaring tempest, at Thy voice,
The waters swift ascend the rough steep cliff;
And in the bosom of the vale down sink
At once: and hark! the ocean's thundering gate
Has burst its hinge, and on the continent
Disgorg'd its might; while on the winged storm
Terror triumphant rides. The dismal dash
Of wave on wave, loud-howling winds, the earth
Rent to her centre by a thousand shocks,
Each shock, a ruin, only sounds the trump
Of elemental war, a pregnant cloud
Dilated, like one dark pavilion hangs,
Dreadful suspense! then bursts with all its rage
Collected: cataracts of smoking rain
Their wild displeasure spend; earth-delving spouts,
Swift hurricanes, hails, blasting volleys, land
Made sea, the sea one wide waste infinite.

Deep groan the heaving caverns: mineral wrath
Sublim'd, with nitrous vapour from beneath
Ascends, and subterraneous thunder shakes
The solid centre of the teeming earth.

The spirit of the waters stalks abroad
Exulting in the storm, and drives the winds
Transverse along heaven's champaign, which 'gin blow
In hardy opposition. He with arm
Gigantic, and grim joy, troubles the deep,

Which rose from earth to heav'n: the lashing surge
Impetuous rolls, and had a ship been there,
Devouring winds had torn the crackling mast
To atoms piecemeal, or had blown it, light
As buoyant gossamer, between the ridge
Of riding waves; an horrible gulf and dark
Yawns ghastly, and at intervals displays
A grave of living horror. Hell her gate
Wide opens; Satan from his flaming throne
Shouting upleaps: Hope on his pale crest sits,
Short visitant! with gloomy joy he sees
The comeliness and beauty of the world
Ravag'd by mutinous and wasting waves.

Full forty nights and forty days the rain
Fell unremitted: mountains, rivers, rocks,
Sunk in contentious waves. Thy ark alone,
Of Noah, (so the sov'ran Architect
Ordain'd,) surviv'd the wreck: nor did that ark
Want sail or steerage, by an hand divine
Guided invisible. Of cypress built
And gopher, buoyant wood, she won her way
Like some rich merchant's vessel, laden deep
With Macao's spicy freightage: naphtha sheathed
The hulk, and close asphaltos, unctuous mass,
From chafing waves, from pungent salt secure.

"Cease, rain!" pronounc'd th' Almighty; the rain ceas'd.
Again the fleecy cloud with orient pearl
Was sown, and glowing sapphire. High the sun
Rode in meridian glory; and the waves

Subsiding, sunk, as if by gentle stealth,
Insensible. On Ararat the ark
Stopt; from whose brow the patriarch sent his dove,
Light courier; she nor green tree found, nor sand
To rest her printless foot, but hied her home
With ruffled breast, and plumage sprent with dew.
What bodes her second embassy? A shoot
Of olive, cheerful green, upon her bill
Shines graceful: trembling haste and eager joy
Beam from the eye of Noah, as he greets
The sure criterion of abated flood.
Again she prunes her wing; but not again
To beat her barriers, shall the bird return;
No: in the well-known mead, or grove, a nest
She weaves, and warbles wild her artless notes;
Or drinks ambrosial nectar from the rill.

Now was all nature drest in freshest green,
Pure from the dregs of grosser earth, which wind
And wave had swept away. Mild Zephyr sheds
Refreshing breezes, which the meadows down
Impress not, as they blow; so brave a world
It seem'd, so passing fair, that the eye hung
Enamour'd of its charms. Thy cautious hand,
Good Patriarch, wide the lattice of the ark
Unfolded, curious dome; upon whose roof
Was etch'd the chronicle of month and day;
While the sun, quivering thro' her sable gate,
Reflects the gleam of thousand golden plumes,
Star-spangled insects, eyes of living fire,
Darting their mingled radiance thro' the gloom.

With mind uprais'd, and firm not hasty step,
The Patriarch disembarks : white shone his locks,
The pride of reverend age : and white his beard
As the fresh snow on Rhodope : his look
Was joy, chastis'd by temperance and fear,
Fear, such as wisdom prompts, as angels feel.

Next with his wife came Shem, whose numerous seed
O'er Asia swarm. Amid the blazing mines
Of Coromandel, from the golden stream
Of Ganges to Siberia's northern tract,
Spread the far distant tribes : some pitch their tent
Where the pale crescent bends o'er Mecca's shrine
In Araby ; or where the Persian breath'd
To Susa's satraps, and tiara'd kings,
Soft adulation. Some Sumatra fill,
And Borneo, cinctur'd by the burning line ;
Or drive the furious Tartar, savage clan,
From Pekin's wall. Who knows but some frail bark,
From Corea's amber sea, by thwarting winds
Into the vast Pacific madly driven,
Might light on California's pointed shore ;
And give to Mexico her feather'd chiefs,
Long e'er Columbus swept the Atlantic deep ?

Who lightly vaults along the verdant plain,
Fresh from the ark ? Father of distant tribes,
Illustrious Ham ! for him shall Africa
Extend her dreary waste of naked sand ;
Him sire of light Egyptian priests shall hail
Alorus ; to his name in Lybia's wild,

Suppos'd Ammonian Jove, shall temples rise
Oracular: from Barca to the Cape,
Where Capricorn descends in feverous fire,
His line shall spread: for him shall Niger foam
With thund'ring torrent, like another Nile,
And with dark billows desolate the land.

In order last, not least in fame, descends
Great Japhet; destin'd in Europa's soil
To lay the seat of many a mighty throne,
Princedom, and royalty. His polish'd sons
Shall lead fair science to the bank, where flows
Ilyssus, classic stream; shall wild flowers strew
In some Ægean isle, where Homer sung;
And draw from Maro's harp sweet melody,
To lull Trinacria's deep. The gothic swarm
Of Frank, and Vandal, and the blue-eyed host
That skirt the Baltic, Lapland's frozen hordes,
And that fair isle, whose emigrating sons
Cordon the earth with light and liberty,
White-cliffed Britannia, from his seed
Shall rise.

All these, the progeny, and pride
Of Noah, disembark'd; these faithful found
Among degenerate thousands. Next a group
Of colours motley and fantastical,
Were fil'd in rank grotesque, and snuft the air
With eager appetite. Bird, reptile, beast,
E'en to the imperial monarch of the wood
From the poor pismire. Each his element
Seeks unreluctant: reptiles delve in earth;

The gaudy fluttering insect from the sun
Kindles the gleam of his transparent wing;
The tawny beast explores his sylvan haunt;
And birds exulting, lessen in the sky.

But ah! what vision lights yon sable cloud,
Reflecting from the sun's magnetic beam
Celestial radiance? from the silver drops
Of quivering rain, refracted rays of light
Drink life, drink lustre; and in many an hue,
Break from the showery prism! some with a faint
Vibration strike the eye, and mildly sketch
The violet's tint, which hems the fringed arch
Half fading; some with bold vermilion paint
Th' interior side, and twine in radiant spires
Of roseate hue, which fire the kindling sky;
While mellow tints of intermediate light,
More soft, as more refracted, crown thy green,
Ætherial spring, with the warm burnish'd gold
Of ruddy autumn: nor unheeded pass
The cone of tender blue, and bolder line
Of deep imperial purple. See, it bends
In bright enchantment! beauty-mingled maze,
How shall I right address thee? Bow of God,
Or rather faithful witness in the cloud,
Dost thou delighted hear? thy gorgeous train
Sweeps the mid sky, in living lustre clad,
Half circular. O fear not, earth, again
To shed thy green luxuriance, nor to play
Thy artless virgin fancies, wildly free,
As Nature shall direct; for now mild spring

And harvest shall repay the labourer's toil;
Now deep shall blush the purple vintage; low
Shall bend the clust'ring fruit's compliant boughs,
And laughing Plenty raise her balmy horn.

Fear not, O earth; contentious waves no more
With bitter blast shall sweep thy gallant sons,
Like trembling leaves, away; thy sure appeal
Is yon bright curve, thy sure protection, God.
Oft shall the bright reflection paint the lap
Of Arcady, where old Penëus curls
His silver wave translucent; there the swain,
On sloping lawn, or level down, shall mark
The gaudy phantom melting into air,
Of pasture fresh, and gray unclouded dawn,
Sure presage! oft shall God gladden the groves
Of myrrh, and the sweet wilderness of balm
With showers, and from his gay enamelled bow
Shed humid fruitfulness; some aged spire
Shall rise behind in pensive ivy clad,
And awful silence crown the lovely scene.

Far o'er the horizon of the troubled sea,
What time the storm retires, the bow shall dip
Its woof in skygrain'd tincture, from the back
Of some dun cloud emerging by degrees,
All bright, all vivid: this Philosophy,
Deep-musing maid, shall oft at eve descry,
And with her crystal prism contract, dilate
Its frangible and parti-coloured rays,
Thy boon, astronomy's advent'rous child,

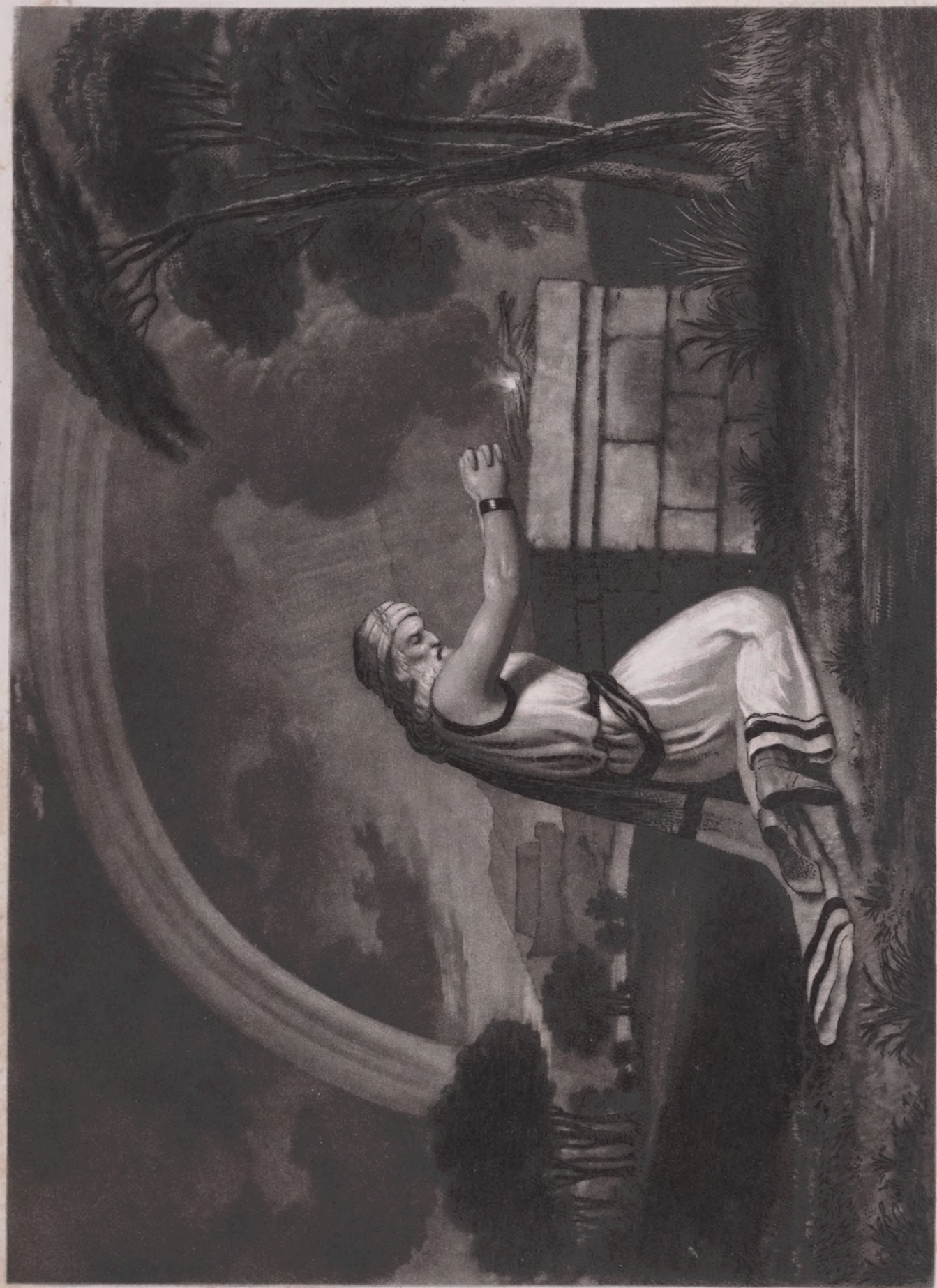
Sage Newton! this religion's votary
Shall greet with rapture, shall with pray'r pursue ;
And to his progeny the cause explain.
" Rejoice, my son, and on thy heart portray
Yon mystic characters, that stamp the cloud.
Once was the world degenerate, once was sunk
In wasting waters ; but by yon fair bow
The Almighty swore, that not again should man
Provoke his vengeance to let tempests loose
Against this goodly earth. Hence in the cloud
He checks the mass of waters ; hence rebukes
The roaring sea, if haply his proud surge
High swell impetuous ; seals the vast abyss ;
And locks the fountains of the unfathom'd deep."

JEHOVAH, THE PROVIDER.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein : then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice.—
PSALM xcvi. 12.

AUTHOR of being ! life-sustaining King !
Lo ! Want's dependent eye from thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores ;
Give to her prayers the renovating Spring,
And Summer-heats, all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which Autumn from a thousand stores
Selecteth provident ! when earth adores
Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain :
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swarth reaper grasp the golden grain ?
Without thy blessing, all is black and drear ;
With it, the joys of Eden bloom again.



Sartain

Rothemel

THE BOW IN THE CLOUD.

ANONYMOUS.

And I will establish my covenant with you ; neither shall all flesh be cut off any more by the waters of a flood ; neither shall there be any more a flood to destroy the earth.

And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations.

I do set my Bow in the Cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.—GENESIS ix. 11, 12, 13.

HAIL ! beauteous meteor of the thousand dyes,
Emblazoned like a trophy on the skies.
Heaven's richest hues inlay thy lightsome span,
Kindled to glory for a sign to man.
Those vivid tints that through the welkin shine,
Proclaim thy matchless Architect divine.
Gemmed by the rain-drops was the tissue spun,
With golden threads, irradiate of the sun,
Like stars enwreathed, whose myriad spangles throw
The prism's gay lustre to the world below.
Weft of mute music thou, whose pictured tones
Blend in accord, and melt in kindred zones.

Sweet solace ours, when lurid tempests frown,
To mark thy gradual braid the horizon crown !

First, faint brief segments spring on either hand,
Whence lost abrupt, soon longer curves expand;
More massive, high upreared, the glowing form
In bolder contrast now bestrides the storm.
Fain its bright column would our arms embrace,
Yet at each step a fleeting beam we chase;
And whilst we fear lest, ere the whole be viewed,
The subtle vision may our sight elude,
Mercy, fleet herald from the realms above,
Buoyed in the ambient air of heavenly love,
With steadfast key-link binds the quivering arch,
Then speeds thereon to earth her volant march.

See! through the dark depths of the unfathomed main
The mirrored brilliance softly gleams again;
Warning the surges that their ruthless might
No more shall revel on the mountain height,
Nor through the fertile banks and valleys rave,
Engulfing nature in the whirling wave.
No! for when 'neath Armenia's summits hoar
The shrunken waters lashed their slimy shore,
And found, whene'er they strove beyond to roam,
The rising cliffs rebuke their baffled foam;—
When the glad fathers of man's rescued race,
Exulting on the lone ark's resting-place,
Had bent the knee, invoked the Almighty name,
Drawn votive blood, and fanned the sacred flame;—
When o'er fair nature burst that sunny smile,
More lovely for her glistening tears the while;—
Then from the heavens was heard an awful voice,
That bade the favoured Patriarch rejoice:

Well pleased, the Deity had seen arise
Prayer mingling with the smoke of sacrifice;
And now the solemn covenant He swore,
That he would flood the new-born land no more;
Then rays from heaven with tears from earth He blent,
And wrote His promise on the firmament.

View it, vain man, whose dull, unheeding soul
No cheering hopes, no startling fears control,
Nor the pale splendour of the moon absorbs,
Nor the deep rapture of the hymning orbs;
Whose sordid thought ne'er searched creation's laws,
For the vast goodness of the omniscient Cause,
Ne'er felt ecstatic joy when laughing May
Wreathes with young flowers the verdant brow of day,
Nor owned, with transport chastened, awed, refined,
Night on the mountain, wonder in the wind:
Behold! and though thou deignest nought to bless,
Yet inly scan thy very nothingness.

Such thou hast shone, bright rainbow! when the sky
Has clothed in clouds its blue serenity;
And such shalt shine; while, grateful for the vow,
All nations of the earth to heaven shall bow.
Curbing the tempest on its thunder path,
Chaining the boisterous billows in their wrath;
Majestic symbol of thy Maker's might!
Girdle of beauty! coronal of light!
God's own blest handmark, mystic, sure, sublime,
Graven in glory to the end of time!

Nor dost thou live for earth and time alone :
In Paradise, around th' eternal throne,
Thine emerald lightnings play ; thine every gem
Is treasured for the Conqueror's diadem.
When, with a shout that will earth's centre rend,
Christ, with his saints and angels shall descend,
Careering kingly over sun and star,
The winds his coursers, and a cloud his car :—
No watery deluge then earth's funeral pall,
But sulphurous flames enwrap the reeling ball.
Thus thy triumphal banner floats unfurled
Above the wrecks of this self-ruined world,
From cloud, from throne, from crown, betokening mild
Jehovah to lost sinners reconciled.

THE CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

JOHN MILTON.

Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the Lord did there confound the language of all the earth.—GENESIS xi. 9.

THIS second source of men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgment past remains
Fresh in their minds, fearing the Deity,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead their lives, and multiply apace,
Labouring the soil, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn, wine, and oil: and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing bullock, lamb, or kid,
With large wine-offerings poured, and sacred feast,
Shall spend their days in joys unblamed, and dwell
Long time in peace, by families and tribes,
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise,
Of proud, ambitious heart, who, not content
With fair equality, fraternal state,
Will arrogate dominion undeserved

Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of nature from the earth,
Hunting, (and men, not beasts, shall be his game,)
With war and hostile snare, such as refuse
Subjection to his empire tyrannous :
A mighty hunter thence he shall be styled
Before the Lord, as in despite of Heav'n,
Or from Heav'n claiming second sov'reignty ;
And from rebellion shall derive his name,
Though of rebellion others he accuse.
He with a crew, whom like ambition joins
With him or under him to tyrannize,
Marching from Eden tow'rds the west shall find
The plain, wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boils out from under ground, the mouth of hell,
Of brick ; and of that stuff they cast to build
A city and tow'r, whose top may reach to heav'n ;
And get themselves a name ; lest far dispers'd
In foreign lands, their memory be lost,
Regardless whether good or evil fame.
But God, who oft descends to visit men
Unseen, and through their habitations walks
To mark their doings, them beholding soon,
Comes down to see their city, ere the tow'r
Obstruct Heav'n's tow'rs ; and in derision sets
Upon their tongues a various spirit, to 'rase
Quite out their native language, and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown.
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the builders ; each to other calls,

Not understood, till hoarse, and all in rage,
As mocked, they storm. Great laughter was in Heav'n;
And looking down, to see the hubbub strange,
And hear the din; thus was the building left
Ridiculous, and the work Confusion named.

THE PATRIARCHS.

By faith, Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he should after receive for an inheritance, obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went.—HEBREWS xii. 8.

A Syrian, ready to perish, was my father; and he went down into Egypt, and sojourned there with a few, and became there a nation, great, mighty, and populous.—DEUTERONOMY xxvi. 5.

These all died in faith.—HEBREWS xii. 13.

IN the records of the beginning of nations, the wild imaginations of profane bards and the rude inventions of uninspired historians have invested the crudest, most improbable and impossible narratives, with the charm which consecrates folly and canonizes fable—ANTIQUITY. The question is not, is it *true*, that we may believe, but is it *old*, that we may reverence. One single aim inspires all alike—from the classic fabulist of sunny Greece, to the roughest Scald of the cold North. That purpose is the deification of human ancestors, the production of monsters half-human, half-divine; but, alas for the stumblings of human wisdom! all brute. Men may set up their ancestry as golden images, but the soil of the crucible, and the earth of the mould cling to the molten calf; yet in the vain pride of patriotic idolatry man “feedeth on ashes; a de-

ceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say: Is there not a lie in my right hand?"

But when we turn from these traditions to Holy Scripture, we find Him manifest in His word, as in His works, whose ways are not as our ways, nor whose thoughts as our thoughts. A simple and unadorned, but majestic narrative is that of the creation. He who in the beginning said, "Let there be light!" asserts His awful grandeur and power in the relation which inspiration dictated to Moses. If the deeds of men are to be spoken of, they require the prelude and flourish of sounding words; but Omnipotence, who spake and it was done, is only hidden from us and obscured by the mist which human inventions weave over our own eyes. We painfully labour, but in vain, to define the Idea of the Eternal. He is the Incomprehensible, and to strive to know Him otherwise than as faith directs, as the Being who is, and who is the rewarder of such as diligently seek Him, is to make unto ourselves an Image. It was thus that the ancients turned the Incorruptible into the image of the corruptible. It was thus that they represented the Invisible in the hideous fancies of their debased imaginations. Thus grew the painfully ridiculous accounts of the beginning, in which fables were asserted relative to the creation, which debased the Creator below the contempt of the thoughtful, and below the respect of the foolish. Socrates, in such an age, could not be less than an infidel; the multitude could not be other than bigots who blindly persecuted, or cowards who feared, in ranking with the sage, to come under the condemnation of the simple.

The folly which made God like man, made men gods; and thence the divine origin of nations to which we have already alluded. It is pitiful to read by what debasing fables the race

has been traced to its divine original; how disgustingly the deities of the ancient world, who “knew not God,” are painted, as beings who, were they alive on earth, would be not only in danger of the judgment, but unworthy of the tolerance of honest men—and still divine! How refreshing to the soul the contrast which the inspired oracles present—ennobling man’s piety while rebuking his pride. And how natural, true, and consonant with the perfection of God, and with the conscious weakness and frailty of man, is the only true history of the origin of a people, which has been handed down to us by Moses and his successors. How full of reproof to the pride which is ever seeking to establish man’s divinity, at the expense of Heaven’s purity; how simply true and eloquently humble is the declaration, with which the Israelite was directed to preface his offering of the first fruits: A Syrian, ready to perish, was my father!

Through the whole narrative of the rise of Israel, from the day on which they rebelled, even while God was working wonders in their behalf in Egypt, down to the hour when they crucified the son of God, the same elements of divine truth in the narrative are apparent. The mighty of Israel are not gods, but men. Their errors, imperfections, crimes are related with a simplicity and directness which makes us understand that it was not the superior power and wisdom, the courage, or excellence of these feeble creatures which accomplished the great work, but God, who with a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm wrought wonders in Israel. The same wisdom which concealed the grave of Moses, lest an idolatrous people should make his tomb a shrine, revealed the weaknesses of the patriarchs, lest men should have whereof to boast, and substitute the worship of the creature for that

of the Creator. And when the perverse Jews boasted of their descent from the son of Terah, He who spake as never man spake, told them that this was nothing in His eyes, who could out of the stones raise up children to Abraham.

Thus, though infidelity has not failed to discover, in the faults and failings of the patriarchs and mighty men of Israel, the ground for carping and objection, the believer discovers in the same circumstance the evidence of the divinity of the inspiration of the narrative. It is not the history of a people whose obsequious poets and orators are seeking to celebrate the fame of their nation; but it is the memorial which Heaven has preserved for our instruction. With every year its hidden wisdom is more and more revealed. TIME, the great expounder of REVELATION, brings forward in every age new events as notes and explanatory comments on the sacred page; and thus shall it be until time shall be no longer, and the blessed in Heaven shall fully comprehend, with all knowledge, the pointing forward of the dispensations before the coming of Christ to the fulfilment of the law and the prophets, in Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. Other works grow obsolete with the march of time, or are displaced by the discoveries of modern advancement; but the Holy Bible, dating back in its early portions thousands of years, has outlived the wisdom of successive generations, and still remains perfect, intact and pre-eminent over all other Scriptures, while school after school of human wisdom has risen only to develop its own inefficiency, and to vanish from the memory and the thoughts of men.

The jealous care with which the Jewish nation preserved their Scriptures uncorrupted and free from addition, leaves them in the stern and noble simplicity in which they were first

written. Every word may be declared prophetic; for what else can be said of books which, as ages pass, prove only more and more adapted to the wants of succeeding generations? As God made the world for all the people who shall inhabit it, so He inspired the Scriptures for all who shall read them; and as the most wonderful successes of the investigations of science only serve to show us how little we know of the arcana of nature, so do advances in biblical knowledge, and, still more, progress in spiritual discernment, only serve to exhibit how less than nothing is the mind of man, when it seeks to cope with the revelations of Omnipotence.

Patriarchs, princes, people, in God's word, are to us appreciable human beings. The oldest come not down to us in shadows, impalpable and dreamy, but are men with whom we can sympathize and feel, as though they were contemporaries. In Holy Writ men, whether princes or peasants, are men still; they have human virtues, temptations, follies, vices. Princes are presented to us as God looked down upon them from heaven, not as man looked up to them from earth; and the poor and lowly among men are pictured to us as God regarded, and not as man despised them. To this great source then should all repair for wisdom; to this unerring test of truth should we bring our boasted knowledge, holding all as of but evanescent worth which bears not upon the abiding interests and the great concerns which are contained in the Word of Truth: some like the hidden golden ore which rests in the bosom of the earth yet undiscovered, other like the beams of the glorious sun, which openly declare His love who made the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser to rule the night.

We might essay to describe the lives and characters of the

Old Testament worthies; but the plain and simple narrative of their lives is already written in the Book to which all have access; and if we seek a review of their lives and histories, it is already drawn in the glowing language of the apostle Paul, in his epistle to his countrymen. With him we can plead that time would fail to tell of those who, through faith, “subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens. Women received their dead restored to life again; and others were tortured, not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection; and others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; (of whom the world was not worthy;) they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise; God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.”

Thus, with Him to whom a thousand years are as one day, are we, of this era, contemporary with the Patriarchs, who so many ages since, and under phases of life so different from ours, were shepherds and pilgrims beneath the Syrian skies. They without us were not made perfect; we with them are co-labourers in God’s hand in an Eternal Present; and to all nations and kindreds, all eras and dates, shall the same revelation come of the purposes of Omniscience, when, in an in-

stant, in the twinkling of an eye we shall all be changed. The hoary Patriarch is our elder brother—the dim past shall hereafter be to us as the morning of our own day. And then, under whatever influence, and in whatever age we shall have lived; under whatever temptations and sorrows we may have passed, the test of brotherhood with those of whom the world was not worthy will be, whether we may be classed among them of whom it shall be found written in the Lamb's Book of Life, "THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."

ABRAHAM'S VISION.

GEORGE BALLY.

And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abraham ; and lo ! an horror of great darkness fell upon him.

And He said unto Abram, " Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs and shall serve them ; and they shall afflict them four hundred years ;

" And also that nation whom they shall serve, will I judge : and afterwards shall they come out with great substance."—GENESIS xv. 12, 13, 14.

Too short is Reason's line to sound the depths
Of heav'nly wisdom ; rash her censure too,
When she presumes to cavil at His ways,
Who oft obliquely to th' intended goal
His steady but meand'ring course directs,
Makes opposites harmoniously combine,
His grand eventful counsels to mature,
That man, by common notices unmov'd,
By admiration may be taught to fear.
He, who this complex mass of wonders call'd
From chaos, and from darkness launch'd those lights
That gild the fluid ether, ofttimes bids
Midst the well-temper'd strife of jarring wills
Order from tumult break, from evil good.

He reins the fury of the waves, and bounds
The rage of man, and makes the friendly storm
Drive when He lists the vessel into port.
Abasement by His guidance shall exalt,
Disgrace ennoble, and misfortunes bless.

See base ungen'rous envy swell the breasts
Of Israel's sons : see Joseph for a dream,
Typic of future greatness, doom'd to feel
The rigours of fraternal hate. And can
Such venom'd hate in kindred bosoms dwell ?
How shall defenceless innocence escape
Impendent death, when savage brethren lift
The murd'rous steel ? Prevailing nature melts
Reuben's soft heart, arrests the bloody deed,
And heaven-directed Ishmaelites convey
To distant climes the purchas'd spoil, than all
Their spicy wealth more precious. Pharian realms
Receive the sacred charge, the patriarch's hope.
Vanish the clouds, the welkin brightens round,
Illusive prospect ! soon new woes succeed :
A lovesick mistress smiles, and fortune frowns.
To slighted charms and womanish revenge
Th' innoxious youth falls an unpity'd prey,
And in a dungeon's gloom his pious soul
Pours to his God in pray'r, nor prays in vain,
For now the mystic web of Providence
Gradual unfolds, shades soften into light,
And on th' admiring eye coherence dawns.
The rage of brethren and th' opprobrious sale
Conspire to realize his dream : the wife

Of Potiphar unconscious weaves the meed,
And calumny to honour smooths the way.
Quick shifts the scene: the dungeon for a throne
Is chang'd. The Hebrew next to Egypt's king,
In all the pride of regal pomp array'd,
Shines through the land of Nile rever'd, and lives
To cherish Israel's drooping age, to pant
With filial transport on the patriarch's breast,
Big with tumultuous joy. His brethren round,
Sheaves of his dream, in marshall'd order stand,
And pay obeisance to his sheaf, that rears
Its head aloft, and triumphs in its height.

Great is the Lord JEHOVAH, high above
The loftiest flight of raptur'd praise; His throne
Is built on equity's broad base; His arm
(Though oft invisible to mortal ken)
Is ever stretch'd to prop the sinking good,
Or crush the wicked. Not a wheel amongst
Th' infinite orbs, which roll the fates of man
And kingdoms in their rapid whirl, but glows
Distinct with eyes, and in a measur'd course
Harmonious verges to some certain goal.

See! the fond mother takes her sad adieu,
And slow receding casts a tearful glance
Where floats the rush-wove ark: to calm her grief,
To give her darling to her throbbing breast,
The Memphian princess speeds, and (Heav'n so wills)
Nurtures in wisdom's lore the youth ordain'd
Israel to free, and humble Pharaoh's pride.

When artful malice broods o'er dark revenge,
When stern oppression frowns, and ills surround,
Let not the good despair, but rest secure
Beneath ADONAI's shadowing wing. His eye
Beholds, His outstretched arm conducts their steps
Through death's encircling horrors; and when broke
Each feeble anchor, when the tenth wave rolls
Its gather'd ruin, plucks them from the deep.
Nor let them murmur, though their way be oft
Perplexed with briers, and with crags o'erhung,
But onwards press unfainting to the goal,
Where, to o'erpay their momentary toil,
Applauding angels hold th' unwith'ring wreath
Of beatific joy. From ardent lips
Let the sweet incense of melodious praise
Ascend to Him who visits all His works,
But chief the son of man.

Pow'r Infinite!

Thou Giver and Preserver of my being,
Who rul'st all causes, govern'st all events,
O teach me ever to Thy will resign'd
To bear my lot with patience, and esteem
That best which Thou ordain'st. In weal or wo,
In health or sickness, let me ne'er forget
Thy mercies: even in Thine afflictive rod
May I a father's tenderness adore,
Who chastens but to heal, in wrath benign!
Avert those ills that hover o'er my head,
And with Thy shield encompass all my paths.
Of earthly goods that portion Thou assign

Which with my present and my future bliss
May best accord; and grant this humble strain
May be a prelude to that nobler song,
Which by Thy grace, this dreary veil past through,
My soul, with brighter views of Providence
Illum'd, and kindling from a near access,
Shall chaunt responsive to th' Angelic Choir.

MELCHISEDEK.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

Without father, without mother, without descent, having neither beginning of days, nor end of life.—HEBREWS vii. 3.

THRICE blest are they who feel their loneliness;
To whom nor voice of friend nor pleasant scene
Brings that on which the saddened heart can lean;
Yea, the rich earth, garbed in its daintiest dress
Of light and joy, doth but the more oppress,
Claiming responsive smiles, and rapture high;
Till, sick at heart, beyond the veil they fly,
Seeking His presence, who alone can bless.
Such in strange days the weapons of Heaven's grace;
When, passing o'er the highborn Hebrew line,
He forms the vessel of his vast design;
Fatherless, homeless, reft of age and place,
Severed from earth, and careless of its wreck,
Born through long wo, His rare Melchisedek.

THE DEAD SEA.

GEORGE CROLY.

And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. * * * Lo the smoke of the country went up, as the smoke of a furnace.—GENESIS xix. 25, 28.

THE wind blows chill across those gloomy waves ;
Oh ! how unlike the green and dancing main !
The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves :
Stranger ! here lie the Cities of the Plain.

Yes, on that plain, by wild waves covered now,
Rose palace once, and sparkling pinnacle ;
On pomp and spectacle beamed morning's glow,
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely and splendid all—but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury ;
Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart was foul,
And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting spoke
Her sportive blasphemies against the Throne:
It came!—the thunder on her slumber broke—
God spake the word of wrath!—her dream was done.

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man; but she was quite imbued,
Her last hour waned—she scorned to be forgiven.

'Twas done! down poured at once the sulphurous shower,
Down stooped, in flame, the heaven's red canopy.
Oh for the arm of God, in that fierce hour!
'Twas vain, nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl, the men of sin;
Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze!
The earthquake heaved!—then sank the hideous din!—
Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

N. P. WILLIS.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave it unto Hagar, putting it on her shoulder, and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba.

And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child under one of the shrubs.

And she went and sat her down over against him, a good way off, as it were a bow-shot: for she said, "Let me not see the death of the child." And she sat over against him, and lifted up her voice and wept.

And God heard the voice of the lad: and the Angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, "What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.

"Arise, lift up the lad, and hold him in thy hand: for I will make him a great nation."

And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink.—GENESIS xxi. 14-19.

THE morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew,
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
Its beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness, and fragrant air were sad

To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odours from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing, as if life
Were a new thing to them; but oh! it came
Upon her heart like discord; and she felt
How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a mirth in anything it loves.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.
Her noble son stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandaled for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face until he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch, as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step

Of vigour is not there; and though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as it were a pestilence.
Oh! man may bear with suffering: his heart
Is a strong thing, and godlike, in the grasp
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear
One chord affection clings to—part one tie
That binds him to a woman's delicate love—
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand
In silent blessing on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
Oh no! By all her loveliness—by all
That makes life poetry and beauty, no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion, all
That makes her cup a bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence—anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness,—

And there is not a feeling out of heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow—
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed,
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had caught,
As I have said, her spirit, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.

The morning past, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest! but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness; and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his weary head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky,—
For it was better than the close hot breath
Of the thick pines,—and tried to comfort him;—
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and bloodshot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,

And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub ;
And shrouding up her face, she went away,
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die ; and watching him she mourned :

“ God stay thee in thine agony, my boy !
I cannot see thee die, I cannot brook
 Upon thy brow to look,
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How have I drunk the light of thy blue eye !
 And could I see thee die !

“ I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers ;
 Or wiling the soft hours,
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
 So beautiful and deep.

“ Oh no ! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
 And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's land might be
 A heritage for thee !

“ And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee,
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press ;
 And oh ! my last caress

Must feel thee cold, for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair !”

She stood beside the well her God had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child, until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother’s hand.



Westall

Sartain

ABRAHAM OFFERING UP ISAAC.

THE SACRIFICE OF ABRAHAM.

N. P. WILLIS.

Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee unto the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt-offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of.—GENESIS xxii. 2.

MORN breaketh in the east. The purple clouds
Are putting on their gold and violet,
To look the meeter for the sun's bright coming.
Sleep is upon the waters and the wind;
And nature, from the very forest leaf
To her majestic master, sleeps. As yet,
There is no mist upon the deep blue sky,
And the clear dew is on the blushing bosoms
Of crimson roses in a holy rest.
How hallowed is the hour of morning! meet—
Ay, beautifully meet for the pure prayer.
The patriarch standeth at his tented door,
With his white locks uncovered. 'Tis his wont
To gaze upon that gorgeous orient;
And at that hour the awful majesty
Of man who talketh often with his God,

Is wont to come again, and clothe his brow
As at his fourscore strength. But now, he seemeth
To be forgetful of his vigorous frame,
And boweth to his staff, as at the hour
Of noontide sultriness. And that bright sun—
He looketh at his pencilled messengers
Coming in golden raiment, as if all
Were but a graven scroll of fearfulness.
Ah, he is waiting till it herald in
The hour to sacrifice his much-loved son!

Light poureth on the world. And Sarah stands
Watching the steps of Abraham and her child
Along the dewy sides of the far hills,
And praying that her sunny boy faint not.
Would she have watched their path so silently,
If she had known that he was going up,
Ev'n in his fair-haired beauty, to be slain
As a white lamb for sacrifice? They trod
Together onward, patriarch and child—
The bright sun throwing back the old man's shade
In straight and fair proportions, as of one
Whose years were freshly number'd. He stood up
Tall in his vigorous strength; and, like a tree
Rooted in Lebanon, his frame bent not.
His thin white hairs had yielded to the wind,
And left his brow uncovered; and his face,
Impress'd with the stern majesty of grief
Nerved to a solemn duty, now stood forth,
Like a rent rock, submissive, yet sublime.
But the young boy—he of the laughing eye

And ruby lip—the pride of life was on him ;
He seemed to drink the morning. Sun and dew,
And the aroma of the spicy trees,
And all that giveth the delicious East
Its fitness for an Eden, stole like light
Into his spirit, ravishing his thoughts
With love and beauty. Everything he met,
Buoyant or beautiful, the lightest wing
Of bird or insect, or the palest dye
Of the fresh flowers, won him from his path ;
And joyously broke forth his tiny shout,
As he flung back his silken hair, and sprung
Away to some green spot or clustering vine,
To pluck his infant trophies. Every tree
And fragrant shrub was a new hiding-place ;
And he would crouch till the old man came by,
Then bound before him, with his childish laugh,
Stealing a look behind him playfully,
To see if he had made his father smile.

The sun rode on in heaven. The dew stole up
From the fresh daughters of the earth, and heat
Came like a sleep upon the delicate leaves,
And bent them, with the blossoms, to their dreams.
Still trod the patriarch on, with that same step,
Firm and unfaltering ; turning not aside
To seek the olive shades, or lave their lips
In the sweet waters of the Syrian wells,
Whose gush hath so much music. Weariness
Stole on the gentle boy, and he forgot
To toss his sunny hair from off his brow,

And spring for the fresh flowers and light wings,
As in the early morning; but he kept
Close by his father's side, and bent his head
Upon his bosom, like a drooping bud,
Lifting it not, save now and then to steal
A look up to the face whose sternness awed
His childishness to silence.

It was noon—

And Abraham on Moriah bowed himself,
And buried up his face, and prayed for strength.
He could not look upon his son and pray;
But, with his hand upon the clustering curls
Of the fair, kneeling boy, he prayed that God
Would nerve him for that hour. Oh! man was made
For the stern conflict. In a mother's love
There is more tenderness; the thousand chords,
Woven with every fibre of her heart,
Complain, like delicate harp-strings, at a breath;
But love in man is one deep principle,
Which, like a root grown in a rifted rock,
Abides the tempest. He rose up and laid
The wood upon the altar. All was done.
He stood a moment—and a deep quick flush
Passed o'er his countenance; and then he nerv'd
His spirit with a bitter strength, and spoke—
“Isaac, my only son!”—The boy looked up,
And Abraham turned his face away and wept.
“Where is the lamb, my father?”—Oh, the tones,
The sweet, the thrilling music of a child!—
How doth it agonize at such an hour!—

It was the last deep struggle. Abraham held
His loved, his beautiful, his only son,
And lifted up his arm, and called on God—
And lo! God's angel stayed him—and he fell
Upon his face and wept.

THE HEBREW BARD.

ISAAC WATTS.

I will open my mouth in a parable: I will utter dark sayings of old:

Which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us.

We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and the wonderful works that he hath done.

For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel.—PSALM lxxviii.
2-5, and following verses.

SOFTLY the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flowery meads;
He marks their path with notes divine,
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars, and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

When kindling with victorious fire,
He shakes his lance across the lyre;
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the thunderer in arms.

Behold the God ! the Almighty King,
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing ;
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

Ten thousand cherubs wait His course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse :
Earth trembles ; and her mountains flow
At His approach, like melting snow.

But who those frowns of earth can draw,
That strike heaven, earth, and hell with awe ?
Red lightning from His eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder, hail, and smoke.

He spake ! the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed :
When the great Master strikes his lyre,
You see the affrighted floods retire.

In heaps th' affrighted billows stand,
Waiting the changes of His hand ;
He leads His Israel through the sea,
And watery mountains guard their way.

Turning His hand with sovereign sweep,
He drowns all Egypt in the deep ;
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band,
Through deserts to the promised land.

Here camps, with wide embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course ;
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls :
The harp lies strewed with ruined walls.

See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings :
From every chord His bolts are hurled,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

ABRAHAM'S FAITH.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

And he believed in the Lord ; and he counted it to him for righteousness.

THE better portion didst thou choose, great heart,
Thy God's first choice, and pledge of Gentile grace !
Faith's truest type, he with unruffled face
Bore the world's smile, and bade her slaves depart ;
Whether a trader, with no trader's art,
He buys in Canaan his first resting-place,—
Or freely yields rich Siddim's ample space,—
Or braves the rescue and the battle's smart,
Yet scorns the heathen gifts of those he saved.
Oh, happy in their soul's high solitude,
Who commune thus with God, and not with earth !
Amid the scoffings of the world enslaved,
A ready prey, as though in absent mood
They calmly move, nor hear the unmannered mirth.

EVENING.

ANONYMOUS.

And Isaac went out to meditate in the field at eventide.—GENESIS xxiv. 63.

SWEET evening hour! Sweet evening hour!
That calms the air and shuts the flower,
That brings the wild bee to its nest,
The infant to its mother's breast.

Sweet hour! that bids the labourer cease,
That gives the weary beast release,
And sends them home, and crowns them there
With rest and shelter, food and care.

Oh season of soft sounds and hues,
Of twilight walks among the dews,
Of feelings calm and converse sweet,
And thoughts too shadowy to repeat!

Yes, lovely hour! thou art the time
When feelings flow and wishes climb;
When timid souls begin to dare,
And God receives and answers prayer.

Then, trembling through the dewy skies,
Look out the stars, like thoughtful eyes
Of angels, calm, reclining there,
And gazing on the world of care.

Sweet hour! for heavenly musing made,
When Isaac walked, and Daniel prayed;
When Abram's offering God did own,
And Jesus loved to be alone.

THE GOINGS FORTH OF GOD.

OTWAY CURRY.

For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made.—ROMANS i. 20.

GOD walketh on the earth. The purling rills
And mightier streams before Him glance away,
Rejoicing in His presence. On the plains
And spangled fields, and in the mazy vales,
The living throngs of earth before Him fall
With thankful hymns, receiving from His hand
Immortal life and gladness. Clothed upon
With burning crowns, the mountain heralds stand,
Proclaiming to the blossoming wilderness
The brightness of His coming, and the power
Of Him who ever liveth, All in All!

God walketh on the ocean. Brilliantly
The glassy waters mirror back His smiles;
The surging billows and the gambolling storms
Come crouching to His feet. The hoary deep,

And the green, gorgeous islands offer up
The tribute of their treasures—pearls and shells,
And the crown-like drapery of the flashing foam.
And solemnly the tessellated halls,
And coral domes of mansions in the depths,
And gardens of the golden-sanded seas,
Blend, with the anthems of the chiming waves,
Their Alleluias unto Him who rules
The invisible armies of eternity.

God journeyeth in the sky. From sun to sun,
From star to star the living lightnings flash;
And pealing thunders through all space proclaim
The goings forth of Him whose potent arm
Perpetuates existence, or destroys.
From depths unknown, unsearchable, profound,
Forth rush the wandering comets; girt with flames,
They blend, in order true, with marshalling hosts
Of starry worshippers. The unhallowed orbs
Of earth-born fire, that cleave the hazy air,
Blanched by the flood of uncreated light,
Fly, with the fleeting winds and misty clouds,
Back to their homes, and deep in darkness lie.

God journeyeth in the heavens. Refulgent stars,
And glittering crowns of prostrate seraphim,
Emboss His burning path. Around Him fall
Dread powers, dominions, hosts, and kingly thrones.
Angels of God—adoring millions—join,
With spirits pure, redeemed from distant worlds,

In choral songs of praise.—“ Thee we adore,
For Thou art mighty. Everlasting spheres
Of light and glory in thy presence wait.
Time, space, life, light, dominion, majesty,
Truth, wisdom,—all are thine, Jehovah ! Thou,
FIRST, LAST, SUPREME, ETERNAL Potentate !”

J O B.

EDWARD YOUNG.

Then the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, and said :

“ Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge ?”—JOB xxxviii. 1, 2.

THRICE happy, Job long lived in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great ;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed, a fearful train !
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues that marked his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more !
A change so sad what mortal here could bear ?
Exhausted wo had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low, earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourned,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan returned ;

In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent !
A debt of reverence to distress so great !
Then Job contain'd no more, but cursed his fate,
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
His wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year ; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death ; impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes ;
Where counsellors are hushed, and mighty kings
(Oh happy turn) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeased his friends ;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends ;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments opposed with equal heat ;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field :
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reached the last extent of human thought :
A pause ensued—when, lo ! Heaven interposed,
And awfully the long contention closed.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blackened all the skies :
(They saw and trembled !) from the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke :

“ Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Compares my conduct, and reproves my reign,

Lifts up his thoughts against me from the dust,
And tells the World's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:—
Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine and its bulk confine?
Who fixed the corner-stone? What hand declare,
Hung it on naught, and fastened it on air;
When the bright morning stars in concert sang,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannas rang,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's numerous kingdoms, hast thou viewed them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heaved the mountain which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?

“ Who, stretching forth His sceptre o'er the deep,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scooped its hollow side,
And did a basin for the floods provide;
I chained them with my word; the boiling sea,
Worked up in tempests, hears my great decree—
' Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
And here, oh main, be thy proud billows stay'd !”

“ Hast thou explored the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumbered treasures sleep?

Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

“Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

“Where dwells the light? in what refulgent dome?
And where has darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripened wisdom, through long ages brought;
Since Nature was called forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!

“Are mists begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone:
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defaced,
And lays one-half of the creation waste?

“Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.

Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand and shade the world with night?

“Who launched the clouds in air, and bid them roll,
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne’er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the Sun alone.

“To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th’ exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields,
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are filled with rich perfume?

“Hast thou e’er scaled my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, and waste a guilty land.

“Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?

Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour ?
Who strikes through Nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball ?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

“ Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And poured his flaming train o’er half the skies ?
Did thy resentment hang him out ? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee ?

“ Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the stars along th’ ethereal plain ?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and apply their force ?
Canst thou the skies’ benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain ?
Or when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year ?
Bid Mazzaroth his destined station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow ?
Mine is the night with all her stars ; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

“ Dost thou pronounce where daylight shall be born,
And draw the purple curtains of the morn ;
Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray ?
Hast thou, enthroned in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven ?

That pomp of light what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

“Who did the soul with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions, make reply.”
—Th’ Almighty spake, and speaking, shook the sky.

What, then, Chaldean sire, was thy surprise!
Thus thou, with trembling heart and downcast eyes:—
“Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
My tongue has erred, but shall presume no more.
My voice is in eternal silence bound,
And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground.”

He ceased: when lo! again the Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

“Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

“Come forth, in beauty’s excellence array’d,
And be the grandeur of thy power display’d;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;

Despatch thy vengeance ; bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodged in thee alone ;
Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

“Fond man, the vision of a moment made !
Dream of a dream ! and shadow of a shade !
What worlds hast thou produced, what creatures framed ;
What insects cherished, that thy God is blamed ?
When, pained with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry ? Who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest ?

* * * * *

“Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide :
With slender hair leviathan command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
Will he become thy servant ? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown ?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play ?

“Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample size ?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey ?

Through his firm skull what steel his way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far and live; tempt not his matchless might:
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight:
The rashest dare not rouse him up. Who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

“Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me conferr’d?
My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
Mine are the cattle on a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own;
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
And dar’st thou with the world’s great Father vie?
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature’s eye?

“At full my large leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
Who, great in arms, e’er stripp’d his shining mail,
Or crown’d his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold
Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold,
And, marshall’d round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edged with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charged with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,

As from a furnace ; and, when roused his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great superior please ;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state ;
His well-joined limbs are dreadfully complete ;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part ;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

“ When, late awaked, he rears him from the floods,
And stretching forth his nature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

“ Large is his front ; and when his burnished eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-winged arrow, the descending blade ;
His naked breast their impotence defies,
The dart rebounds, the brittle falchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears ;
The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow ;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

“ His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud ;
The billows feel him as he works his way ;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ;

The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

“His like Earth bears not on his spacious face;
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd;
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around,
Makes every swoll'n, disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.”

Then the Chaldean eased his labouring breast,
With full conviction of his crime opprest.

“Thou can'st accomplish all things, Lord of might!
And every thought is naked to thy sight.
But oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of thine almighty power,
But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*.”

THE VISION OF ELIPHAZ.

LORD BYRON.

In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men.

Fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up —JOB iv. 13, 14, 15.

A SPIRIT passed before me : I beheld
The face of Immortality unveiled—
Deep sleep came down on every eye save mine—
And there it stood—all formless—but divine :
Along my bones the creeping flesh did quake,
And as my damp hair stiffened, thus it spake :

“ Is man more just than God ? Is man more pure
Than He who deems e’en seraphs insecure ?
Creatures of clay ! Vain dwellers in the dust !
The moth survives you, and are ye more just ?
Things of a day ! you wither ere the night,
Heedless and blind to Wisdom’s wasted light !”

COMPLAINT AND CONSOLATION.

THOMAS DALE.

For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:

And though after my skin, worms destroy the body, yet in my flesh shall I see God.

Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.—JOB xix. 25-27.

OF all my race there breathes not one
To comfort or deplore me;
Pain wakes a pulse in every bone,
And death is closing o'er me.
Still doth his lifted stroke delay,
Protracted tortures dooming,
I feel, ere life has passed away,
His very worm consuming.

Night spreads her mantle o'er the sky,
And all around are sleeping,
While I, in tears of agony,
My restless couch am steeping.
I sigh for morn—the rising day
Awakes the earth to gladness;
I turn, with sickening soul, away—
It smiles upon my sadness.

Cursed be that day in tempest wild—
When first with looks delighted,
My mother smiled upon her child,
And felt her pangs requited !
Oh ! that by human eye unseen,
I might have fled from sorrow ;
And been as though I had not been,
As I would be to-morrow !

The light wave, sparkling in the beam
That trembles o'er the river,
A moment sheds its quivering gleam,
Then shuns the light, for ever :
So soft a ray can pleasure shed,
While secret snares surround it ;
So swift the faithless hope is fled,
Which wins the heart to wound it !

A crown of glory graced my brow ;
Whole nations bent before me ;
Princes and hoary sires would bow,
To flatter and adore me.
To me the widow turned for aid,
And ne'er in vain addressed me ;
For me the grateful orphan pray'd,
The soul of mis'ry blessed me.

I raised the drooping wretch that pined,
In lonely anguish lying ;
Was balm unto the wounded mind,
And solace to the dying ;



Till one stern stroke, of all my state,
Of all my bliss bereft me;
And I was worse than desolate,
For God himself had left me.

Ye, too, as life itself beloved,
When all conspired to bless me,
I deemed ye friends, but ye have proved
The foes who most oppress me.
I could have borne the rude slave's scorn,
The wreck of all I cherished,
Had one—but *one*—remained to mourn
O'er me, when I too perished.

My children sleep in death's cold shade,
And nought can now divide them;
Oh! would the same wild storm had laid
Their wretched sire beside them;
I had not then been doom'd to see
The loss of all who love me;
Unbroken would my slumbers be,
Though none had wept above me.

All hope on earth for ever fled,
A higher hope remaineth;
For while His wrath is o'er me shed,
I know my Saviour reigneth.
The worm may waste this withering clay,
When flesh and spirit sever;
My soul shall see eternal day,
And dwell with God for ever!

YOUTH AND AGE.

WILLIAM KNOX.

I would not live alway.—JOB vii. 16.

OH, Youth is like the springtide morn,
When roses bloom on Jordan's strand,
And far the turtle's voice is borne
Through all Judea's echoing land!
When the delighted wanderer roves
Through cedar woods, and olive groves,
That spread their blossoms to the day;
And climbs the hill, and fords the stream,
And basks him in the noontide beam,
Oh! "I would not live alway."

But Age is like the winter's night,
When Hermon wears his mantle cloud,
When moon and stars withdraw their light,
And Hinnom's blast is long and loud;
When the dejected pilgrim strays
Along the desert's trackless maze,

Forsaken by each friendly ray ;
And feels no vigour in his limb,
And finds no home on earth for him,
And cries amid the shadows dim,
“I would not live alway.”

Oh! Youth is firmly bound to earth,
When hope beams in each comrade's glance ;
His bosom chords are tuned to mirth,
Like harp-strings in the cheerful dance ;
But Age has felt those ties unbound
Which fixed him to that spot of ground
Where all his household comforts lay ;
He feels his freezing heart grow cold,
He thinks of kindred in the mould,
And cries amid his grief untold,
“I would not live alway.”

DESTRUCTION OF NINEVEH.

CHARLES JENNER.

Now the word of the Lord came unto Jonah, the son of Amittai, saying,
“ Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it ; for their wickedness is come up
before me.”—JONAH i. 1, 2.

Now had th' Almighty Judge of heav'n and earth,
Within whose hand the proud Assyria serv'd
But as a scourge to punish Israel's sin,
With indignation view'd the victor's pride,
Who, flush'd with conquest and debauch'd by wealth,
Spurned at high heav'n, and 'midst their gorgeous feasts
Gave honour to themselves, nor thought on God,
Save to blaspheme His name ; who impious trod
Beneath irrev'rent feet His high behests,
Indulging ev'ry sense ; th' impetuous youth
Following with eager steps and dauntless front
Wherever passion or lewd rapine call'd,
Whilst aged sires, on tott'ring crutches propp'd,
Look'd smiling on, and with a guilty sigh
Envied their sons the joys they could not share.

He saw, and turn'd Him loth to His revenge ;
Nor struck at once, but with a parent's care,

Whose arms are ever open to receive
The humbled prodigal who turns, though late,
To seek his face, sent forth His holy word
Of His most just though most severe intent
Warning to give. The word to Jonah came,
Who all unus'd to bear such high commands
Save to God's own elect, with doubtful mind
Paus'd wondering. Ill, full ill such pause became
Him who ere then had heard that mighty voice,
Who knew that sound to those who disobey
Terrific as the thunder's crash, but mild
As the soft wind which fann'd Eve's roseate bow'r,
'Ere Sin had footing there, to those who hear
And fly with duteous heart to execute.
Why did he pause? Ah why! unless to show
To after times that he whose falt'ring mind
But one short moment wavers in suspense
When duty calls, gives the arch-tempter time
To gain firm footing in his soul, and urge
Some well-devised plea to stop his course.
Why did he hesitate, why inly show
Reluctance against God, or by a thought
Distrust His firmness, or suspect His truth?
Swift to betray and ever on the watch,
The subtle tempter that short moment seiz'd
To raise a mist before the prophet's sight,
Which show'd it possible to flee from God.

O where was that all-sacred spirit flown
Which erst had glow'd within his fervent breast,

That fire prophetic, fitted and impell'd
To noblest purposes by God's own hand,
Which unappall'd by guilt, uncheck'd by fear,
Should scatter terror through an impious world,
And tell the dreadful tale of wrath to come!
'Twas gone, and in its place wild frantic fear
And base distrust and impious doubt sprang up,
Sinking the prophet in the man. He flies,
O miserable change! the victim now,
No longer the dread harbinger alone
Of heav'nly wrath: he flies nor turns to think,
'Till scenes of horror strike his conscious heart,
And quick destruction thunders to his soul.
Wide o'er the raging billows of the deep
Wild horror stalks with aspect terrible,
Whilst plunging deep full many a fathom down,
He learns by sad experience to declare
How heavy 'tis to feel the wrath of Heav'n,
And bear the vengeance of an angry God.
Nor yet untried he tells the happier tale
Of mercy, when with pitying hand outstretch'd
To rescue from the very grasp of death,
That Pow'r supreme by whom the storm is rais'd,
Provides unhop'd-for safety in the deep.
In vain the lightnings shoot their ghastly gleam,
Wild thunders roar, and ocean groaning deep
Lifts its o'erwhelming billows to the sky,
Unhurt he issues from his living tomb,
His glad eye op'ning on the light of heav'n,
And wrapt in wonder, joy and gratitude,
With eager step pursues his destin'd way,

Type of that plan supreme not yet fulfill'd,*
Which reconcil'd the vengeance due to guilt
With "that dear might" which loos'd the bands of death.

'Twas morn, and o'er the glitt'ring tow'rs the sun
Shed wide his kindling beams; illum'd with gold
Aloft the spiry turrets shone, and wav'd
Their silken banners streaming in the wind
With gay display; bedeck'd with martial spoils,
From hapless Israel won, rich trophies rose,
And frequent grac'd the walls. With conscious pride
His wide domain the victor monarch view'd,
Whilst, sitting high amid a gaudy herd
Of sycophants, he gave a loose to joy,
Rais'd a whole nation's voice in festive songs,
And taught his ready slaves, too prone to learn,
That luxury alone is happiness.

Slow and unnotic'd through the spacious streets
The holy prophet walk'd and mark'd their pride,
He mark'd their pow'r, he mark'd their wealth, and now
A heaving sigh he stole, whilst all around
The growing multitudes he view'd, who throng'd
Thick as the insect race which quiv'ring float
With hum incessant on the evening breeze.
Sorrowing he mark'd the jocund air which shone
In every face and brighten'd ev'ry eye,
Whilst all was joy and mirth and careless ease;
Sad contrast to the prospect in his soul!

* There shall no sign be given it but the sign of the prophet Jonas.—ST. MATTHEW xvi. 4.

He sigh'd, and one mild look of pity cast,
"Just Heav'n—but forty days!—thy will be done!"
Then op'ning slow the book of Fate, he turn'd
And "Oh," he cried, "Vain, heedless race, attend,
Ye who with giant pride a course full long
Of old, unfeeling vice have run, and ye
Whom Luxury with soft seducing smile
Allures, and binds in silken chains, attend;
Leave, leave, for ever leave your gay delights,
Your wonted triumphs and your ceaseless mirth,
For, Oh sad change! a long, long train of woes,
Like a swart storm which gathers in the wind,
Hangs hov'ring o'er your destin'd heads, and waits
But the scant hour appointed ere it bursts
And crumbles you to dust. Unhappy state!
Quick, quick the moment comes when all thy strength,
Which triumph'd far and wide with greedy pow'r,
Shall sink to less than woman's weakness, fall'n
Beneath the hopeless abject state of those
Who felt the keen edge of thy tyranny.
I see thy strong tow'rs nod, thy bulwarks rock,
Thy stately fabrics from their centre heave,
Whilst desolation like a whirlwind flies
In one sad ruin overwhelming all.
Go seek your King amidst his pageant state,
Nor tremble at his look, but bid him fear;
And boldly tell him one unwelcome truth,
That now, ev'n now the hand of Heav'n is rear'd,
Or ere the fortieth sun shall rise and set,
To blast the blooming laurels on his brow,
And hurl him from his car of triumph down,

No more to rise, but with his meanest slaves
To lie confounded in one gen'ral doom."

All pow'rful is the voice of truth. Aghast
The trembling people stand, nor doubt his words,
Whilst coward conscience whispers to their soul
How less than nothing is the aid which wealth
Or pow'r can lend against the wrath of Heav'n.
By sense of danger rous'd, they bow the knee
And prostrate turn to God, remember'd scarce
Nor ever sought in moments happier deem'd:
Themselves sufficient to themselves, they scorn'd
To court His smile, but dar'd not brave His frown,
Fear taught them first to kneel and first to pray,
Whilst memory officious to their view
Held the black register of their misdeeds.
Despair first taught their harden'd hearts to melt,
And turn'd the flint-stone to a springing well,
Whence flow'd in copious streams those contrite tears
Which fail not in the eye of Heav'n to purge
The soul from guilt, and wash out ev'ry stain.

Nor vain their pray'rs, their tears; for Heav'n who form'd
Knows well the frailty of the sons of earth,
Nor seeks perfection there, but kindly deigns
To raise the humble sinner from the dust,
And give to penitence the promis'd meed
Of virtue undefil'd. A nation's tears
Absolv'd a nation's guilt; and gracious Heav'n
With mild relenting eye and arm restrain'd
Receiv'd their proffer'd vows.—But ah! how vain,

How weak is man ! how frail his best resolves !
But frailest those which owe their hasty birth
To fear ; how short, how transient is their life.
Hardly obtain'd, they shine but like the sparks
Struck from the flint, which scarce outlive the blow.
Ev'n thus, or ere the fortieth sun had set,
The dreaded sentence seem'd an idle dream,
And the full tide of sin, awhile restrain'd,
Rush'd madly forward with redoubled force,
Precluding ev'ry hope of future grace.
That Heav'n should find it easier to forgive
Than wayward man alas to be forgiv'n !
But Oh unhappy state ! Oh desperate race !
A sterner prophet, Israel's Comforter,
Hath dipp'd his pen in blood to write thy doom.
Too deep the reeking sword shall strike, too near
To trifle with its edge ; again 'tis drawn,
And never, never shall be sheath'd, 'till wide
It spreads destruction o'er thy plains, nor leaves
A hand to bury or an eye to weep.

Hark where the conqu'ring Mede with furious voice
Calls loud for help. Stern Babylon replies ;
Together roll their rattling chariots on,
Their blended armies gather as they run,
And brandishing their eager falchions high,
Impetuous rush like lions on their prey.
They come, they come, lo where thy weak hosts fly,
Nor fly in safety ; see they sink, they fall,
Fall like ripe fruit, or yellow autumn leaves,
And strew the victor's path. Lost in amaze

Thy hardy vet'rans stand to see such feats
As turn their bloodiest wars to childish frays ;
And ever and anon with anguish pierc'd,
"Stand, stand," they faintly cry, but none regards ;
"Turn, dastard slaves," but no one will look back.
Frantic with fear they lose the pow'r to raise
One warding shield to break the victor's stroke :
Th' ensanguin'd field alone with carnage strew'd
Awhile impedes their eager way. But now,
Through scenes of horror bursting, at thy walls
A thousand banners wave, and purple spears
Unnumber'd press ; vainly thy ports are barr'd,
Thy strong tow'rs mann'd with many a hardy chief,
Vain thy strong holds, vain all thy ancient might,
For lo the rapid flood impetuous swells,
And Desolation, borne upon its waves
In dreadful pomp, invades thy tott'ring wall,
And rides in horrid triumph through the breach.
Remembrance now calls forth the flatt'ring tale
Prophetic, which thy sage forefathers told,
Your wise men sighing shake their hoary heads,
Foreboding now th' unlook'd for time is come
When the proud stream shall lift her rebel waves
Against those sacred walls, which grace her shore.

And now thy bulwarks nod, they bow, they fall,
Low, low on earth thy prostrate glory lies.
Now rooted from their base, the sculptur'd dome,
The stately column, and the storied arch,
In awful ruin lie ; whilst ruthless war,
The keen scythe snatching from the hand of Time,

With speedier rage to deal destruction round,
Levels the work of ages at a blow ;
Nor one proud track of ancient glory leaves,
Save what the rolls of mem'ry may supply
Uncertain, or the eye inquisitive
Trace from the mould'ring heaps of scatter'd pride,
As through thy grass-grown streets with fearful tread
The trav'ler strays, casting a wary look,
Lest basking in the sculptur'd cornice lurk
The slimy adder or the mottled snake,
And starting hears the horrid nightbird's scream
From off the gilded chapter resound
With lonely echo through the moss-grown walls.

Thus blasted in its very noon of pride
Falls the weak state whose tott'ring base is laid
Unstable in the sand of human pow'r.
And mark her fall, ye gen'rous band, who claim
The honour'd name of patriot, mark it well,
And let it grave this lesson on your heart :
“ They raise a nation's strength alone, who raise
A nation's virtue ;” think how weak, how vain
Proves every state which boasts not her support ;
Like the mysterious gourd, beneath whose shade
The prophet sat, it blossoms for a day ;
But deep within its canker'd root conceal'd
The worm of sin with ever-rankling tooth
Preys on its vital part : unmark'd, unseen
The inbred venom works, till drooping fast,
Its blushing honours sinking to the dust,
It fades forgot, nor leaves to after times
The precious odour of a good report.

A BRAHAM AT MACHPELAH.

LYDIA HUNTLEY SIGOURNEY.

Abraham buried Sarah his wife in the cave of the field of Machpelah.—GENESIS xxiii. 19.

DEEP wrapt in shades,
Olive and terebinth, its vaulted door
Fleck'd with the untrained vine and matted grass,
Behold Machpelah's cave.

Hark! hear we not
A voice of weeping? Lo yon aged man
Bendeth beside his dead. Wave after wave
Of memory rises, till his lonely heart
Sees all its treasures floating in the flood
Like rotten weeds.

The earliest dawn of love
Is present with him, and a form of grace,
Whose beauty held him ever in its thrall:
And then the morn of marriage, gorgeous robes,
And dulcet music, and the rites that bless
The Eastern bride. Full many a glowing scene,
Made happy by her tenderness, returns

To mock his solitude, as the sharp lance
Severs the quiv'ring nerve. His quiet home
Gleams through the oaks of Mamre. There he sat,
Rendering due rites of hospitality
To guests who bore the folded wing of Heaven
Beneath their vestments. And her smile was there
Among the angels.

When her clustering curls
Wore Time's chill hoar-frost, with what glad surprise,
What holy triumph of exulting faith,
He saw fresh blooming in her withered arms
A fair young babe, the heir of all his wealth.
For ever blending with that speechless joy
Which thrilled his soul, when first a father's name
Fell on his ear, is that pale, placid brow
O'er which he weeps.

Yet had he seen it wear
Another semblance, tinged with hues of thought,
Perchance unlovely, in that trial hour
When to sad Hagar's mute, reproachful eye
He answer'd naught, but on her shoulder laid
The water-bottle and the loaf, and sent
Her and her son, unfriended wanderers, forth
Into the wilderness.

Say, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,
Troubling the tear? If there were no kind deed
Omitted, no sweet healing word of love
Expected, yet unspoken; no light tone,

That struck discordant on the shivering nerve,
For which the weeper fain would rend the tomb
To cry, "Forgive!" Oh let him kneel and praise
God amid all his grief.

We may not say
If aught of penitence was in the pang
That wrung the labouring breast, while o'er the dust
Of Sarah, at Machpelah's waiting tomb,
The proud and princely Abraham bowed him down,
A mourning stranger, mid the sons of Heth.

THE DEPARTING SPIRIT.

ANONYMOUS.

Then Abraham gave up the ghost and died.—GENESIS xxv. 8.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snows :
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below :
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous west.
Emblem methought of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven :
Where to the eyes of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.



Schopin

Sartain

ARRIVAL OF REBECCA.

REBEKAH.

ANONYMOUS.

And they blessed Rebekah, and said unto her, "Thou art our sister."—GENESIS xxiv. 60.

WHERE parents mild dominion wear,
Where children live in loving awe,
And all each other's burdens bear,
And thus fulfil the heavenly law—
Our Father from his shining throne
Bows to approve them as His own.

For holy are the tender ties
Which bind a household firm in love,
The strength of God within them lies,
They own an influence from above:
And Heaven smiling deigns to bless
A sister's kind and pure caress.

Should death the blissful scene invade,
And ravish a beloved one,
The aged sire, or blooming maid,
The mother dear, or cherished son:

Shall not, though vain be mortal sight,
The Judge of all the earth do right?

A household living in God's fear
Is, upon earth, the type of Heaven :
If He from our embraces here
Takes back the friend that He has given—
“Well done,” the summons is; “thou blest,
Enter upon thy Saviour's rest.”

And though scarce less than death it seem
When children from their home depart,
Oh let not the beloved deem
Heaven for no purpose rends the heart :
With Laban yield, in meek accord ;
“The thing proceedeth from the Lord.”

Above are partings never known,
But oh, it is not thus below :
Rebekah could Heaven's mandate own,
And say, submissive, “I will go!”—
Losing her kindred's tender care,
But blessed in their fervent prayer.

When Sarah in the dust was laid,
Still comfort was at Isaac's side :
To her new home the Syrian maid
Was welcomed as the Patriarch's bride—
Thus is it ever Heaven's will
Woman her mission should fulfil.

That heavenly trust, the sacred flame
Which burns in the paternal home,
Must be borne forth in Heaven's name,
To shine beneath another dome :
Mother and sire the child must leave,
And to new loves and duties cleave.

Mother of Nations ! It was thine
The household prayer to test, indeed—
The parent of the chosen line,
Of whom was born the promised SEED,
The SENT, the BRIGHTEST and the BEST,
In whom all lands and tongues are blest.

THE SCRIPTURES.

EDMUND WALLER.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.—2 TIMOTHY iii. 16.

THE Grecian Muse has all their gods survived,
Nor Jove at us, nor Phœbus is arrived;
Frail deities, which first the poets made,
And then invoked to give their fancies aid!
Yet if they still divert us with their rage,
What may be hoped for in a better age,
When not from Helicon's imagined spring,
But Sacred Writ we borrow what we sing?
This with the fabric of the world begun,
Elder than light, and shall outlast the sun,
Before this oracle, like Dagon, all
The false pretenders, Delphos, Hammon, fall;
Long since despised and silent they afford
Honour and triumph to the Eternal Word.
As late Philosophy our globe has graced,
And rolling earth among the planets placed,
So has this book entitled us to heaven,
And rules to guide us to that mansion given;
Tells the condition how our peace was made,
And is our pledge for the great Author's aid.

His power in nature's ample book we find,
But the less volume doth express his mind.
This light unknown, bold Epicurus taught
That his blest gods vouchsafe us not a thought,
But, unconcerned, let all below them slide,
As fortune does, or human wisdom guide.
Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke
And bond of all society is broke :
What use of oaths, of promise, or of test,
Where men regard no god but interest ?
What endless war would jealous nations bear,
If none above did witness what they swear ?
Sad fate of unbelievers, and yet just,
Among themselves to find so little trust !
Were Scripture silent, Nature would proclaim,
Without a God, our falsehood and our shame.
To know our thoughts, the object of his eyes,
Is the first step towards being good or wise ;
For though with judgment we on things reflect,
Our will determines, not our intellect :
Slaves to their passion, reason men employ
Only to compass what they would enjoy ;
His fear to guard us from ourselves we need,
And Sacred Writ our reason doth exceed ;
For though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his word ;
His mercy this (which all his works excels,)
His tender kindness and compassion tells :
While we, informed by that celestial Book,
Into the councils of our Maker look.

THE BETTER LAND.

FELICIA HEMANS.

But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.—HEBREWS xi. 16.

I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! Oh where is that radiant shore,—
Shall we not seek it and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs ?
“ Not there, not there, my child.”

Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?
“ Not there, not there, my child.”

Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?

“Not there, not there, my child.

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy,
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!”

THE PROPHET'S DREAM.

JOHN B. DILLON.

The land shall be utterly emptied and utterly spoiled.—ISAIAH xxiv. 3.

WHERE fell the palm-trees' clustering shade,
The aged and weary prophet lay,
And o'er his fevered temples played
The freshness of the primal day.
He slept—and on his spirit fell
A vision of the flight of time—
He saw upon the future dwell,
A dark'ning cloud of sin and crime.

Gone were the spirits that lingered near
The world in its early bloom,
And Hope's pure light, that was wont to cheer,
Grew dim in the gathering gloom;
And Love from Earth was hurl'd—
And a mandate came,
In a breath of flame,
To scourge a sinful world.

“LET THE SWORD GO FORTH!”—And forth it went,
And gleamed o’er tower and battlement,
And glanced in the tented field;
And helms were cleft, and shields were broke,
And hearts were bared to the battle stroke,
Only in death to yield:
The warriors met—but not to part—
And the sun glared redly on the scene;
And the broken sword, and the trampled heart,
Might tell where the battle steed had been;
Dark and still, by the moon’s pale beam,
Lay mouldering heaps of slaughtered men—
The fountain of a sanguine stream—
Earth drank the blood of her offspring then.

“GO FORTH, DISEASE!”—And at the word,
The groans of a stricken world were heard,
And the voice of woe rose high—
And myriads yielded up their breath,
As the haggard form of the tyrant Death,
On the rotten breeze swept by,
And the lovely green that overspread
The world in its guileless day,
Grew as deeply dark, and sear’d, and dead,
As the parched earth where it lay.
With lifeless limbs, the livid trees
Stood locked in the arms of Death,
Save one, that still to the withering breeze
Could lend its poisonous breath.
Deeply the world, in that drear time,
Felt the deadly curse of sin and crime.

“FAMINE, GO FORTH!”—And at the name
Rose a feeble shriek, and a fearful laugh,
And a tottering, fleshless monster came,
The lingering stream of life to quaff—
And he stalk’d o’er the earth, and the languid crowds
Were crush’d to the dust in their mildew’d shrouds :
Then rose the last of human groans,
As the shrivell’d skin hung loose on the bones,
And the stream of life was gone.
And Death expired on that awful day,
Where his slaughtered millions round him lay,
For his fearful task was done.

Old Earth was lone—for her offspring lay
Mouldering dark on her bosom of clay ;
All tones of life were hushed—
And the brazen tombs of sepulchred men,
That battled the might of time till then,
Atom by atom were crushed ;
And desolate round in its orbit whirl’d
The peopleless wreck of a worn-out world.

* * * * *

The dreamer woke, and the glorious day
Broke calmly on his dream—
And the joyous birds from each green spray
Caroll’d their morning hymn.
The Earth moved still in beauty there,
With its clustering groves and emerald plains,
And the pure breeze bore the prophet’s prayer,
To the throne where the Rock of Ages reigns.

BALAM'S PROPHECY.

MISS JEWSBURY.

Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel.—NUMBERS xxiii. 23.

I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.—IBID. xxiv. 17.

HE waved his wand! Dark spirits knew
That rod—yet none obeyed its call;
And twice the mystic sign he drew,
And twice beheld them bootless all:
Then knew the seer Jehovah's hand,
And crushed the scroll, and broke the wand.

“I feel him like a burning fire;
When I would curse, my lips are dumb!”
But from those lips, mid hate and ire,
Unchecked, the words of blessing come;
They come, and on his people rest—
A people by the curser blest!

“I see them from the mountain top;
How fair their dwellings on the plain!
Like trees that crown the valley's slope,
Like waves that glitter on the main!

Strong, strong the lion slumbering there—
Who first shall rouse him from his lair?

“Crouch, Amalek! and thou, vain king!
Crouch by thine altars, vainer still!
Hear ye the royal shouts that ring
From Israel's camp, beneath the hill?
They have a God amid their tents,
Banner, at once, and battlements.

“A star shall break through yonder skies,
And beam on every nation's sight;
From yonder ranks a sceptre rise,
And bow the nations to its might:
I see their glorious strength afar—
All hail, mild Sceptre! Hail, bright Star!

“And who am I, for whom is flung
Aside the shrouding veil of time?
The seer whose rebel soul is wrung,
By wrath, and prophecy, and crime—
The future, as the past, I see,
Wo then, for Moab! Wo for me!”

On Peor's top the wizard stood,
Around him Moab's princes bowed;
He bade—and altars streamed with blood,
And incense wrapped him like a shroud!
But vain the rites of earth and hell—
He spake,—a mastered oracle!

WHO COMETH FROM EDMOM?

JOHN NORRIS.

Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?

I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.

And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me.

And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth.—ISAIAH lxiii. 1-6.

STRANGE scene of glory! am I well awake,
Or is 't my fancy's wild mistake?
It cannot be a dream; bright beams of light
Flow from the visions fair, and pierce my tender sight.
No common vision this; I see
Some marks of more than human majesty.
Who is this mighty Hero, who,
With glories round his head, and terror in his brow?

From Bozrah, lo! He comes; a scarlet dye
O'erspreads his clothes, and does outvie
The blushes of the morning sky.
Triumphant and victorious He appears,
And honour in his looks and habit wears:
How strong He treads, how stately does He go!
Pompous and solemn is his pace,
And full of majesty as his face.
Who is this mighty Hero, who?

'Tis I, who to my promise faithful stand;
I, who the powers of death, hell, and the grave
Have foiled with this all-conquering hand;
I, who most ready am, and mighty too, to save.

Why wearest thou then, this scarlet dye?
Say, mighty Hero, why?
Why do thy garments look all red,
Like them that in the wine-vat tread?

The wine-press I alone have trod,
That vast unwieldy frame, which long did stand
Unmoved, and which no mortal force could e'er command,
That ponderous mass I plied alone,
And with me to assist were none.
A mighty task it was, worthy the Son of God;
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful sight,
Concerned with what success I should go through
The work I undertook to do;
I put forth all my might,

And down the engine pressed; the violent force
Disturbed the universe, put nature out of course:
The blood gushed out in streams, and checkered o'er
My garments with its deepest gore;
With ornamental drops bedecked I stood,
And writ my victory with my enemy's blood.

The day, the signal day is come
When of my enemies I must vengeance take;

The day when Death shall have its doom,
And the dark kingdom with its powers shall shake.
Fate in her calendar marked out this day with red,
She folded down the iron leaf, and thus she said:

"This day, if aught I can divine be true,

Shall, for a signal victory,

Be celebrated to posterity:

Then shall the Prince of Light descend,
And rescue mortals from th' infernal fiend;
Break through his strongest forts, and all his hosts subdue."

This said, she shut the adamantine volume close,
And wished she might the crowding years transpose;
So much she longed to have the scene display,
And see the vast event of this important day.

And now in midst of the revolving years,
This great, this mighty One appears:
The faithful traveller, the sun,
Has numbered out the days, and the set period run.
I looked, and to assist was none;
My angelic guards stood trembling by,
But durst not venture nigh.

In vain, too, from my Father did I look
For help ; my Father me forsook.
Amazed I was to see,
How all deserted me,
I took my fury for my sole support,
And with my single arm the conquest won.
Loud acclamations filled all heaven's court :
The hymning guards above,
Strained to an higher pitch of joy and love,
The great Jehovah praised, and his victorious Son.

PALESTINE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A good land and a large, a land flowing with milk and honey.—Exodus iii. 8.

BLEST land of Judea ! Thrice hallowed of song,
Where the holiest of memories pilgrim-like throng ;
In the shade of thy palms, by the shores of thy sea,
On the hills of thy beauty, my heart is with thee.

With the eye of a spirit, I look on that shore,
Where pilgrim and prophet have lingered before ;
With the glide of a spirit, I traverse the sod
Made bright by the steps of the angels of God.

Blue sea of the hills !—in my spirit I hear
Thy waters, Gennesaret, chime on my ear ;
Where the Lowly and Just with the people sat down,
And the spray on the dust of His sandals was thrown.

Beyond are Bethulia's mountains of green,
And the desolate hills of the wild Gadarene;
And I pause on the goat-crag of Tabor, to see
The gleam of thy waters, Oh dark Galilee!

Hark, a sound in the valley, where, swollen and strong,
Thy river, Oh Kishon, is sweeping along;
Where the Canaanite strove with Jehovah in vain,
And thy torrent grew dark with the blood of the slain.

There, down from his mountains stern Zebulon came,
And Napthali's stag, with his eyeballs of flame,
And the chariots of Jabin rolled harmlessly on,
For the strength of the Lord was Abinoam's son!

There sleep the still rocks, and the caverns which rang
To the song which the beautiful prophetess sang,
When the princes of Issachar stood by her side,
And the shout of a host in its triumph replied.

Lo, Bethlehem's hill-site before me is seen,
With the mountains around, and the valleys between;
There rested the shepherds of Judah, and there
The song of the angels rose sweet on the air.

And Bethany's palm-trees in beauty still throw
Their shadows at noon on the ruins below;
But where are the sisters who hastened to greet
The lowly Redeemer, and sit at his feet?

I tread where the Twelve in their wayfaring trod ;
I stand where they stood, with the chosen of God—
Where His blessing was heard, and His lessons were taught,
Where the blind were restored, and the healing was wrought.

Oh, here with His flock the sad Wanderer came—
These hills He toiled over in grief are the same—
The founts where He drank by the wayside still flow,
And the same airs are blowing which breathed on His brow !

And, throned on her hills sits Jerusalem yet,
But with dust on her forehead, and chains on her feet ;
For the crown of her pride to the mocker hath gone,
And the holy Shechinah is dark where it shone.

But wherefore this dream of the earthly abode
Of humanity clothed in the brightness of God ?
Were my spirit but turned from the outward and dim,
It could gaze even now, on the presence of Him.

Not in clouds and in terrors, but gentle as when
In love and in meekness He moved among men ;
And the voice which breathed peace to the waves of the sea,
In the hush of my spirit would whisper to me !

And what if my feet may not tread where he stood,
Nor my ears hear the dashing of Galilee's flood,
Nor my eyes see the cross which he bowed him to bear,
Nor my knees press Gethsemane's Garden of Prayer.

Yet, Loved of the Father, thy Spirit is near
To the meek and the lowly and penitent here ;
And the voice of thy Love is the same even now,
As at Bethany's tomb, or on Olivet's brow.

Oh, the outward hath gone !—but in glory and power,
The Spirit surviveth the things of an hour ;
Unchanged, undecaying, its Pentecost flame
On the heart's secret altar is burning the same.

ELIJAH IN THE DESERT.

LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake, but the Lord was not in the earthquake.

And after the earthquake a fire, but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a Still Small Voice.—1 KINGS xix. 11, 12.

'Twas burning summer o'er the wilderness,
And on the lofty mountains that look up
With heads uncovered, reverently to heaven.
The shrubs were fainting in the noonday heat,
And the tir'd song-birds droop'd their airy wings
In silence mid the still and wilted leaves.
The herbage lay all languid on the rocks,
The sweet breath of the aromatic vines,
And rich young flowers of glorious forms and hues,
That grew in ravine, cleft, or narrow dell,
Lay on the still air round the drooping cups
In overpowering fragrance, while a hush
Of sickly languor brooded over all
The rough and thirsty landscape.

Lo! there comes
An aged wanderer from the wilderness.
With faltering step he lean'd upon his staff,
While toiling up the stern and rocky side
Of the majestic Horeb. His white locks
Were wet with perspiration, and his breast
Heav'd quick and painfully, while his worn feet
Flinch'd from the heated rocks; yet on he climb'd,
Till the faint flutter of the breeze's wing
Shook balm upon his parch'd and quivering lip,
And bathed his burning eyeballs. Gratefully
He rais'd his face tow'rd heaven, and the sweet breeze
Lifted his damp white locks, and kiss'd his brow,
Wooing him sweetly to repose and peace.
He sat him down, that hungry, tired old man,
Whose tongue was swol'n with thirst, and thank'd his God
For that delicious airy visitant,
Which lifting now the tufts of vines that grew
Upon the rock, beneath whose shade he sat,
Show'd ripe red berries clustering 'mongst the leaves.
His joy gush'd forth in praises as he fed
Upon the cooling fruit, which quenched his thirst,
And satisfied his hunger. Seeking then
A resting-place, he found a rugged cave
Extending deep into the mountain's breast;
He enter'd it, and laid him down to sleep
Upon its mossy floor.

And who was he,
That silver-hair'd, lone wanderer? He was one
Whose spirit was so pure that the great God

Held high communion with him. Yet the world
Hated and hunted him from place to place,
Dogging his steps, and thirsting for his life;
And he had pray'd for death. Yet now he lay
Calmly in that lone cavern. Holy peace
Was nestling in his bosom, and his brow
Was placid as the moonlit summer sky.
Sleep lay upon his eyelids, as the dew
Lies upon the closed corolla of the flowers,
In cool refreshing beauty. No kind friend
Was there to watch his slumber, yet the God,
Who fills all space, was with his servant there
In that vast solitude. With august voice
He woke him from his sleep, bade him go forth
And stand upon the rock before the Lord.

He rose, went forth, and stood on the sheer rock
Waiting for God's appearing.

Hark! From far
A fearful rushing sound. The heavens grow dark—
Is God approaching? Lo! a strong fierce wind
Rushes upon the mountain, tearing up
The shrubs and herbage from its arid breast,
Lifting huge rocks from their eternal beds,
And dashing them adown the fearful steeps,
With such appalling sounds as if the world
Were falling into atoms; while the wind
Shriek'd terribly among the caves and clefts
And splinter'd rocks. 'Tis past and all is still

God was not in the wind.

Now wakes a sound—
A deep low moaning in the mountain's breast,
Which trembles fearfully, as if she felt
The dreadful presence. Now her bosom heaves
With strange convulsions, and she bellows forth
Her agony, while the eternal rock
On which the servant of Jehovah stood
Shook like a leaf upon the aspen bough,
And mighty rocks fell down, and caverns yawn'd,
And the whole mountain totter'd.

It is past——
God was not in the earthquake.

Lo! there comes
A more appalling wonder. Surely now
The Terrible is near. Surging along,
Above the wilderness, a flood of fire
Is sweeping tow'rd the mountain. In its way
The atmosphere bursts into whirls of flame
With frightful detonations. 'Tis too much
For mortal man to meet. With pallid fear
He shrunk within his cave. The fire rush'd past
And vanished—but God was not in the fire.

A pure breeze follow'd the fierce element,
Heaven was serene, and on Mount Horeb lay
The downy wing of silence. On that calm

There came *a still small voice*. — — —

'Tis God! The servant feels his Sovereign nigh,
He wraps his face within his mantle's folds,
And at the entrance of that hallow'd cave,
With head bow'd down, and meek attentive soul,
Converses with Jehovah.

THE VINEYARD.

ANONYMOUS.

Judge, I pray you, between me and my vineyard.—ISAIAH v. 3.

WHERE, where are those vineyards, those vineyards so fair,
That covered thy glittering bound,
Bright Carmel? And where are those clusters, ah, where,
That, mixed with pomegranates, were wont to declare
Thee queen of the landscape around?

But it was not for thee, stately Palestine's queen,
Bereaved, as thou art, of thy glory;
It was for that vineyard, that emblem, I ween,
Of the people of God, when this land was the scene
Of the wonders that blazed in their story.

For this vineyard it was that the dark valleys rung,
As they echoed the cries of the banished;
For this vineyard it was that the harp, hardly strung,
Poured wild its last music the mountains among,
As the land of unfaithfulness vanished.

The holy Belov'd called that vineyard his own,
While he looked for its grapes to appear :
Pure grapes, that might answer the care it had known
From the hand of that Cultor, who travels alone
Through the round of his handiwork here.

But wild grapes were all that appeared on the vine,
And the pleasant plant yielded no sample
That answered in flavour the culture benign,
Which nursed it within its enclosure divine,
Where no foot of the heathen could trample.

The loud cry of oppression through Judah was heard,
Till He, who once loved her so well,
By that cry of oppression to vengeance was stirred,
And the chastisement due was no longer deferred,
But fierce on her battlements fell.

And of God's holy vineyard no semblance was left,
Of the wall that enclosed it no trace :
But of all its defence was that vineyard bereft,
And the hand of rapacity, riot and theft,
Left standing no token of grace.

The wild boar of the East through the vineyard hath passed,
And nought of its loveliness spared ;
The idolater first, the Mahomedan last,
And the curse of the locust, the pestilent blast,
What remained of its beauty have shared.

JACOB'S DREAM.

GEORGE CROLY.

And he dreamed, and beheld a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.—GENESIS xxviii. 12.

THE sun was sinking on the mountain zone
That guards thy vale of beauty, Palestine!
And lovely from the desert rose the moon,
Yet lingering on the horizon's purple line,
Like a pure spirit o'er its earthly shrine.
Up Padan-aram's height, abrupt and bare,
A pilgrim toiled, and oft on day's decline
Looked pale, then paused for eve's delicious air;
The summit gained, he knelt and breathed his evening prayer.

He spread his cloak and slumbered. Darkness fell
Upon the twilight hills; a sudden sound
Of silver trumpets o'er him seemed to swell;
Clouds heavy with the tempest gathered round;
Yet was the whirlwind in its caverns bound:

Still deeper rolled the darkness from on high,
Gigantic volume upon volume wound ;
Above, a pillar shooting to the sky ;
Below, a mighty sea, that spread incessantly.

Voices are heard—a choir of golden strings,
Low winds, whose breath is loaded with the rose ;
Then chariot wheels, the nearer rush of wings ;
Pale lightning round the dark pavilion glows.
It thunders—the resplendent gates uncloset
Far as the eye can glance ; on height o'er height
Rise fiery waving wings, and star-crowned brows,
Millions on millions, brighter and more bright,
Till all is lost in one supreme, unmingled light.

But two beside the sleeping pilgrim stand,
Like cherub-kings, with lifted, mighty plume,
Fixed sunbright eyes, and looks of high command :
They tell the patriarch of his glorious doom ;
Father of countless myriads that shall come,
Sweeping the land like billows of the sea,
Bright as the stars of heaven from twilight's gloom,
Till He is given whom angels long to see,
And Israel's splendid line is crowned with Deity.

ISAAC.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

And Isaac trembled very exceedingly, and said, "Who? where is he that hath taken venison, and brought it me, and I have eaten of all before thou camest?"—GENESIS, xxvii. 33.

MANY the guileless years the Patriarch spent,
Blest in the wife a father's foresight chose;
Many the prayers and gracious deeds which rose—
Daily thank-offerings from his pilgrim tent.
Yet those, though written in the heavens, are rent
From out truth's lower roll, which sternly shows
But one sad trespass at his history's close,
Father's, son's, mother's, and its punishment.
Not in their brightness, but their earthly stains
Are the true seed vouchsafed to earthly eyes.
Sin can read sin, but dimly scans high grace:
So we move heavenward with averted face,
Scared into faith by warning of sin's pains;
And saints are lowered that the world may rise.



Schopin

Sartain

JACOB AT THE HOUSE OF LABAN.

JACOB IN THE HOUSE OF LABAN.

JULIAN CRAMER.

Thus have I been twenty years in thy house ; I served thee fourteen years for thy two daughters, and six years for thy cattle : and thou hast changed my wages ten times.—GENESIS xxxi. 41.

Oh father of a princely line ! We see
Thee here, a slave in willing shackles bound,
But humanized and to our level brought.
Thou, from whose loins sprang kings, and lastly Him
Whose birth gave life to myriads lost in sin,
Art present to us as the ardent youth,
With passions and affections like our own.
We see thee toiling for those seven long years—
At once the price and token of thy love—
For Rachel, unto whom thy heart doth cleave.
Perchance those years were full of bitterness :
Thou hadst *the promise*, but thou wert a slave ;
And yet, methinks thy bonds were silken ones,
For thou wert but the prisoner of love.

How wert thou when thy consciousness revealed
The face of Leah ? Did thy spirits sink
And heart grow bitter from that sad deceit ?

We know not ; but thy character appears
More bright by after conduct. Seven years more
Thou servedst for the Rachel of thy love,
And took her to thy faithful breast at last.

What lesson learn we from thy constancy ?
Is 't not that unto her who won our heart
In early youth our manhood still should cling ?
Is 't not that love well placed and well deserved
Is in itself a boon to be desired,
And sought for, even with toil and servitude ?

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, "Cause every man to go out from me:" and there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

And he wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.

And Joseph said unto his brethren, "I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?" And his brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence.—GENESIS xlv. 1, 2, 3.

—— HE searched their burdens round;
At last the cup in Benjamin's was found:
With wild despair their folding vests they rent,
And backward to the royal office went.

The regent here, but oh! how changed, they find,
No more the mild, beneficent and kind,
But fiercely asking, in an altered tone,
"What wrong is this your guilty hands have done?
You well might know, where dress and learning shine,
A man like me must certainly divine."

Prostrate they fall, while Judah, for the rest,
With mingled sighs their mutual grief expressed:

“What can I say? How shall thy servant speak?
In what prophetic words my silence break?
What energy of language shall I find,
To paint the wild distraction of my mind?
Justice Divine, with keen revenge begins
To reckon up our lengthened score of sins;
Our secret crimes this rigorous stroke demand;
And self-condemned, we here thy vassals stand.”

“No,” cries the generous regent, “only he
With whom the cup was found, my slave shall be;
Return in peace, your needless fears resign,
This youth, a public criminal, is mine.”

When Judah thus (still gently drawing near),
“Be pleased, my lord, to lend a gracious ear,
While I the tender circumstance repeat,
And for my father’s hoary age entreat.
Two lovely boys, the pleasure of his life,
And only offspring of a beauteous wife;
The elder branch, by an untimely death,
Snatched from his arms, long since resigned his breath;
The youngest, who does now his care engage,
The single prop of his declining age,
The constant theme of every pleasing thought,
Your strict command, my lord, has hither brought:
Our sire (thy servant) long refused to grant
The pressing suit, till forced by meagre want,
And just concern, to clear our injured truth,
He to my conduct gave the gentle youth.

“But, oh! what killing anguish pierced his heart,
When thus compelled with Benjamin to part:
With all the eloquence that filial love
Could e’er inspire, to calm his fears I strove;
But all in vain, on dismal thoughts intent,
If mischief should his blooming life prevent,
‘My hoary hairs,’ he said, ‘with grief oppress’d,
Must to the gloomy grave descend for rest.’

“And I, unhappy, whither shall I go
To shun that dark, distracting scene of wo?
My father’s wretchedness I cannot see,
Deprived of every future joy by me;
For I, with all the arguments I had,
Became myself a surety for the lad,
And must again the precious pledge restore,
Or see my aged parent’s face no more.

“My lord, you seem to have a tender heart,
(Though sometimes forced to act a rigorous part,)
This first unfortunate offence forgive,
Oh let thy servant here a vassal live,
A bond-slave in my youngest brother’s stead,
Condemned no more my native soil to tread.”

No longer Joseph could his tears control,
Or hide the soft emotions of his soul;
Relenting signs the watchful Hebrews saw,
In haste he bids th’ attendants all withdraw.

“I am your brother Joseph,” then he cries,
With tears and smiling goodness in his eyes,

“That brother you to Midian merchants sold
On Dothan’s plain—nor need the rest be told.”
The cruel fact, alas, too well they knew,
And with disordered looks each other view.

He then demands, “How fares my honoured sire?”
Confused and mute they farther off retire;
A guilty shame on every face was spread.
“Come near, my brethren,” then he mildly said,
“Reflect not on yourselves, with thoughts severe,
It was not you, but God, that sent me here;
His goodness ruled the circumstance and place,
To save the stock of Abram’s sacred race;
Five years of cruel famine yet remain,
While, destitute of hope, the careful swain
Shall neither sow nor reap—the burning soil
Untilled shall lie, or mock his fruitless toil:
But Heaven has sent me here to save your lives,
Your infant offspring and your tender wives.

“Th’ Egyptian king, in every virtue great,
Ordains me second ruler in the state;
The strength, the power, the wealth of all the land,
Without restraint, are trusted to my hand.
Return, and in your father’s ear relate
The plenty, pomp, and grandeur of my state;
Tell him I long his hoary age to greet,
And throw myself in raptures at his feet:
Let him come down to Goshen’s healthful air,
His whole domestic charge shall be my care.

“Dismiss your fears, this painful silence break !
You see a friend ! you hear a brother speak !
Behold the tender motions of my heart,
No more disguised with grandeur, or with art !
Regard me well, the kindred features trace,
You’ll find the prints of nature in my face !”

Then clasping round his youngest brother’s neck,
No longer strives the gushing tears to check ;
The friendly ardour throws off all disguise,
While nature sits triumphant in his eyes ;
Nor less delight transports the gentle youth,
Replete with goodness, innocence and truth ;
In mutual sympathy their souls were tried,
And more by virtue than by birth allied.

Saluting then the rest, with mild address
He clears their doubts and softens their distress ;
Conversing freely, now they quit their fears,
While Pharaoh, pleased, the new adventure hears ;
And in his clemency and royal grace,
Commands the viceroy some selected place
Should be assigned on Goshen’s rich champaign,
His father’s numerous charge to entertain.

The regent now, impatient of delay,
With costly presents sends the men away,
But with a sparkling Babylonian vest
His youngest friend was graced above the rest.

“Make haste,” he said, “to bring my father down ;
Tell him I live, and be my greatness known ;

Take wagons for convenience on the way,
Your wives and helpless children to convey;
Nor care to gather up your needless stores,
The wealth of Zoan's plenteous land is yours."

At Hebron soon their speedy journey ends,
The good old man their coming now attends;
Where, scarce arrived, at once they all relate
The welcome news of Joseph's prosp'rous state.

"Why would you mock my wo with airy schemes,"
He fainting said, "of gay fantastic dreams?"
But soon the loaded carriages appear,
Recall his life, his drooping spirits cheer.

"My Joseph lives! transporting truth!" he cries,
"I'll see his face, and close my aged eyes :
Content, resign these poor remains of breath,
And gently rest in the calm shades of death."

“HOW OLD ART THOU?”

S. D. PATTERSON.

And Pharaoh said unto Jacob, “How old art thou?”—GENESIS xlvii. 8.

I.

How old art thou? Is life's fair morning glowing
In glorious beauty o'er thee? Does thy heart,
With hope and fancy's dreamy bliss o'erflowing,
Deem earth a paradise, where sorrow's smart,
Nor grief, nor fear may come? Is pleasure flinging
Fair flowers and precious fruits about thy way,
And, from its treasure-house of blessings, bringing
New joys to charm and make thy spirit gay?
O! in the sunlight of thy young heart's gladness,
Remember thou that chance and change may come,
E'en unto thee, and, with a cloud of sadness,
Wrap thy bright visions in funereal gloom—
And, though the saddening thought calls forth an anxious sigh,
Think that, though few thy years, thou'rt old enough to die!

II.

How old art thou? Is youth's gay season over?
Hast learned that life and joy are things apart?
And dost thou wear a sunny smile, to cover
The anguish of a disappointed heart?
Or, are life's loveliest gifts spread out before thee—
No good withheld, no fond desire denied—
Hath fortune waved her golden sceptre o'er thee,
Bidding each longing wish be gratified?
Or, hath Ambition's magic influence bound thee,
Luring thee onward to some lofty height
Above thy peers, where the proud world around thee
May gaze, admire, and own thy spirit's might?
Alas! nor grief, nor bliss, nor aspirations high,
Can turn Fate's shaft aside. Thou'rt old enough to die!

III.

How old art thou? Thou feeble man, and hoary,
Gay youth and manhood's prime have passed away—
And, on thy brow, Time's record tells the story
Of ripening years, and nature's sure decay,
As lengthening shadows mark the day declining,
Life's dial-plate denotes thy setting sun—
And soon, all earthly cares and thoughts resigning,
Thou'lt rest in calm repose, thy labour done.
The past, with all its mingled joys and sorrows,
Its wealth and honours, can be nought to thee—
When, from the future, thy worn spirit borrows
Visions, which prompt fond longings to be free;
And taste of bliss, unknown to mortal sense or eye,
Eternal in the heavens. Rejoice! 'Tis time for thee to die!

THE EXODUS.

SAMUEL HAYES.

By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter ;

Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season ;

Esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt : for he had respect unto the recompense of the reward.

By faith he forsook Egypt, not fearing the wrath of the king : for he endured, as seeing him who is invisible.

Through faith he kept the passover, and the sprinkling of blood, lest he that destroyed the first-born should touch them.

By faith they passed through the Red Sea as by dry land : which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned.—HEBREWS xi. 24-29.

At length the elected child to manhood grown,
Though royalty adopts him for her own,
Though pleasure, pomp, and all the charms which wait
On opulence, or empire's gorgeous state,
Spread their soft blandishments, e'en at the age
When the fierce passions burn with tenfold rage,
When in the bosom desolate desire
Awakens lust, and lights the wanton fire,

The son of Amram spurns the regal prize;
From the rich scene the zealous hero flies,
And dwells 'mongst Israel's sons. Resigned he bears
The servile yoke, and ev'ry burden shares.
Rather than violate Jehovah's trust,
And live the pampered slave of sordid lust,
He quits th' Egyptian court, and, undismay'd,
Seeks poverty's inhospitable shade.
There, with the shackled captive doom'd to bow,
The son of Amram durst his faith avow,
And vindicate his God. What time he saw
The savage minister of Pharaoh's law
Insult a slave, with brave resentment warm,
'Gainst the stern lord he rais'd the vengeful arm.
Hence forc'd to fly; for now, with wrath inflam'd,
Pharaoh the bold offender's life proclaim'd;
In shepherd's garb, amidst the Arabian swains,
He tends the flock upon the Midian plains.
As chance, in search of cool refreshing shade,
Far in the desert's winding vale he stray'd,
He came near Horeb's sacred mount. Anon,
Jehovah's Majesty conspicuous shone.
Lo! from a bush, in many a radiant spire,
Shot forth uninterrupted flames of fire:
Though wrapt in flames, entire the bush remains;
Unscorch'd, its wonted verdure yet retains.
Moses approach'd; aw'd by the wond'rous sight,
With dubious step, approach'd the streaming light,
From the bright flames, in all his pow'r confess'd,
The living God his servant thus address'd:—

“No nearer come ! within this secret bound,
Thou tread'st Jehovah's consecrated ground.
I am thy God ; that all-pervading Lord
Whom Israel's faithful patriarchs erst ador'd ;
The God who now o'er Israel's race presides ;
Whose outstretch'd arm defends, whose counsel guides.
Affliction's poignant cry, the heartfelt groan
Of deep distress, have reach'd th' ethereal throne.
I come, their guide, their tutelary God,
To avenge their cause, and break the tyrant's rod ;
To lead my people forth to those blest plains
Where freedom dwells, and plenty ever reigns,
Even to Canaan's fields, that blissful seat,
By ancient promise doom'd their safe retreat.
Be thou the herald of the grand design !
To thee that gracious office I assign.
Hence to the Memphian court, and there relate
To Egypt's king the op'ning scheme of fate !
There, in the name of Him, that pow'r above,
From whom all things exist, in whom they move,
Plead Israel's cause ! The tyrant, well I know,
Will with redoubled indignation glow ;
Yet fear not thou—dismiss the vain alarm !
Beneath the umbrage of Jehovah's arm
Thou shalt unhurt remain. Wide o'er the land,
In various forms, at my supreme command,
Dire pestilence shall walk his baleful round,
And blast with terror the devoted ground.
Pharaoh at last, who, swoll'n with impious pride,
All pow'r on earth, all pow'r in heav'n defied,
Pharaoh at length shall yield.—But, lest thou deem
Jehovah's presence here an empty dream,

Conviction now receive.—Throw down thy rod ;
That will evince the ever-living God.”
He spake.—The rod, with vital spirit fraught,
Portentous change ! a serpent’s figure caught,
Anon, the touch all vital strength repress’d ;
The rod again its former shape possess’d.
“ Take this,” the Almighty said, “ and should distress,
Should Pharaoh’s harsh decrees on Israel press,
Be this thy confidence, thy sure resource—
The potent rod will break tyrannic force ;
Will draw down ample vengeance from above,
Thy words confirm, thy holy mission prove.”

Moses, thus warn’d, retires. Yet dubious still,
Though thus reveal’d Jehovah’s gracious will,
He trembles at the arduous task ; alarm’d,
Lest the weak falt’ring tongue, by fear disarm’d,
Betray the solemn trust. From nature meek,
E’en upon trivial themes unapt to speak ;
Whence could he hope, ’midst Egypt’s haughty lords,
To soothe the tyrant with persuasive words ?

At Horeb’s mount (where God vouchsaf’d to appear,
And converse held with the appointed seer)
Aaron his brother meets : in utt’rance bold,
Him the Almighty destines to unfold
The solemn charge. And first, to Israel’s race
They ope the system of celestial grace ;
Strength to th’ exhausted soul their words dispense,
And arm with faith the fluctuating sense.
Nor brooks th’ important business long delay,
Instant to Pharaoh’s court they bend their way :

In Pharaoh's presence, with undaunted look,
Invoking heav'n the sacred herald spoke:—
“Of Hebrew lineage sprung, to thee, O King,
The high behests of Israel's God we bring.
His chosen sons, from their own plains expell'd,
In abject servitude by thee are held.
Their God commands, that hence they now retire,
And in the desert wake the altar's fire;
That there to Him, their Lord, in whom they live,
They now the tributary homage give.
Spurn not our words! that Pow'r in whom we bend
Will, with unerring arms, His sons defend.”

“Think not,” the monarch cried, “by vain parade
Of specious words, my judgments to evade.
Your God we know not, and his pow'r disclaim;
Be 't yours to venerate th' ideal name.
When Pharaoh's breast with indignation glows,
What mortal arm shall dare his wrath oppose?
Who dares, a victim falls; swept from the world,
And to the nether shades of darkness hurl'd.
Here, for so stands my purpose, fixed as fate,
Shall Israel's wayward tribes in bondage wait;
Until, exhausted by incessant toil,
Cut off for ever from their native soil,
They bend obsequious to the Memphian throne;
Own me their king, and homage me alone.”

Proud Pharaoh thus,—When lo! (such heav'n's command,)
Aaron threw down the wonder-working wand.

Straight, to a serpent's figure changed, he breathes,
Erects his chest, and rolls his glitt'ring wreaths,
Pharaoh, abashed, invokes the magic seers—
A serpent every magic rod appears.
But short the triumph, when frail mortals dare
Against th' Almighty wage presumptuous war.
The rod of Aaron, with rapacious force,
Amidst his rivals winds his baneful course;
Nor rests, 'till, buried in the victor's womb,
Each magic serpent meets his fatal doom.
The tyrant king inflexible remains:
Obdurate still, all fealty disdains.

Horror be now the theme.—Destruction wakes:
From her wide urn o'er all the land she shakes
Vindictive pestilence. The Nile no more
With rich abundance laves the fertile shore;
Each lake and pool, and ev'ry tainted flood,
Sway'd by the rod of Moses, teems with blood.
Lo! where, exhausted by the fervent ray,
The listless cattle from their pasture stray,
And seek the well-known stream—alas! in vain;
No draught allays the fever's burning pain.
No more the waters vital pow'r supply;
In countless shoals the scaly tenants die.
Infection spreads, and from her humid wings,
Wide through the air the mortal poison flings.
Seven days the plague remains. Yet Pharaoh spurns
Th' attested mission, and with rancour burns.
Moses again his potent arm outspread—
From the prolific river's slimy bed

Myriads of frogs arise. In dread array
The legions march, and dim the face of day.
Around the bridal bed, at the rich board,
With luxury's voluptuous treasures stor'd,
E'en in the tyrant's palace, where, so late,
Loose pleasure reign'd in all the pride of state,
The loath'd intruders swarm. Next from the sand,
Pregnant with life, throughout the guilty land
Infectious vermin rankle. Hosts of flies,
Arm'd with sharp stings, in ev'ry quarter rise,
Save Goshen's plains; discriminating grace
Shields the blest spot, and fosters Israel's race.

Anon, on flocks and herds, and all the train
Which, form'd for man, tenant the sylvan plain,
Contagion lights. The animated steed
Loaths the full pasture of the verdant mead:
Cold sweat bedews his limbs, the chest distends,
And the long sob his inmost bowels rends:
Prostrate he falls, and dies. The faithful steer,
Whose labour oft with plenty crown'd the year,
Enervate droops, and to the shades of death
Unprofitably yields his parting breath.

Nor yet alone 'mong beasts the plague prevails;
Man next the pestilential storm assails.
Ulcers and boils, in one continued sore,
Through the distracted frame contagion pour.
Medicine in vain its varied pow'r applies;
The noisome pestilence all skill defies.

The magic seers, spite of their boasted art,
E'en to themselves no lenient aid impart.
But still amidst these scenes of dire distress,
On Israel's chosen sons no troubles press.
Their flocks, unconscious of the baneful change,
Securely through the peaceful valley range;
Untouch'd, their oxen ply th' accustom'd toil,
Break the hard glebe, and renovate the soil,
Themselves, from pestilential fury free,
Bent to their guardian God the suppliant knee.

While thus the kingdom, to its utmost verge,
The terrors of almighty vengeance scourge,
The tyrant shakes with fear; for magic aid,
His firm resource, is now in vain essay'd.
But what can quench ambition's proud desire;
E'en disappointment kindles stronger fire.
Like clouds, which in a moment pass away,
Melting before the sun's meridian ray,
His fears are soon dispell'd. His breast again
Burns with the flame of arrogant disdain.

Anon, the livid streams of lightning glare,
Convulsive thunder rends the conscious air:
From the wide op'ning sky, like iron balls,
Reiterated hail on Egypt falls;
Hail, mix'd with flames; in many a gleaming train,
Shoots the quick fire, and runs along the plain.
Nor tree nor house, so strong the tempest beats,
Nor tree nor house afford secure retreats.
The oak no more, with outstretch'd arms display'd,
To the faint herd dispenses cooling shade;

The storm hath scath'd his venerable brow,
And sever'd from his trunk the spreading bough.
Transfix'd with poignant grief, the peasant stands;
Sees desolation o'er his blasted lands
Gigantic sweep. Where, but the day before,
Fond fancy treasur'd up the copious store;
Where herb and tree, with rich luxuriance crown'd,
So late bedeck'd the variegated ground;
There now the eye no grateful verdure cheers;
On ev'ry side a dreary waste appears.

Moses, at length, for grace and mercy pleads.
The storm is hush'd, a gentle calm succeeds;
But short its date; for, as his fears subside,
The tyrant burns with renovated pride.
Swift as the sever'd waves in union join,
Where the keel formed the momentary line;
As the faint track, mark'd by the arrow's flight,
Which in a moment, 'scapes the keenest sight:
So soon his fears subside—mere idle wind,
Which passeth by, nor leaves a trace behind.
As if the God of Israel ne'er had hurl'd
His righteous thunder o'er a guilty world,
Sooth'd by the incense of the flatt'ring herd,
Imperious Pharaoh scorns Jehovah's word.

From the contagious east, all day, all night,
O'er Egypt shedding pestilential blight,
The tempest blows. Scarce had the solar ray,
Through heaven's expanse, announc'd the orient day,
Like a dark cloud, which, sweeping from the main,
Pours devastation o'er the delug'd plain,

Rapacious locusts wing their flight. Whate'er
The thunder, fire, and hail had deign'd to spare,
The greedy spoilers seize; nor herb, nor flow'r,
Nor stately tree, escape the noxious pow'r.
As where the drifted sands in whirlwinds fly,
Parch'd by the fervour of the torrid sky,
The desert regions, seat of want and wo,
No vestige of prolific influence show;
Such Egypt is: a solitary wild,
A waste, where genial nature never smil'd.
And, dire completion, with expanded wings,
From her drear cell incumbent darkness springs,
And broods o'er Egypt. Three succeeding days
The shrouded sun withdraws his wonted rays.
In the wide circuit of th' ethereal sphere,
Three tedious nights, nor moon nor stars appear.
The watchful shepherd, while his flock he tends,
Oft tow'rd the eastern goal expectant bends;
Hour after hour o'er the envelop'd lawn
Points the strain'd eye, and chides the tardy dawn;
But chides in vain. From the meridian height,
Though the sun now should dart effulgent light,
(As when through heav'n night's denser vapours roll,)
E'en darkness palpable enshrouds the pole.
Meantime, bewilder'd by the thwarting shade,
From the known pasture flocks and herds had stray'd.
Here, the deep torrent intercepts their way,
And in its gulf involves th' unconscious prey;
There, down the precipice, whose rugged brow
Tremendous frowns upon the vale below,
Whole herds are whelm'd; the glory of the plain,
The boasted treasure of the sylvan swain.

As through the desolate and bleak domains,
Where, six revolving moons, chill darkness reigns,
Pent in the confines of their narrow cell,
Exil'd from life's prime bliss, the cheerless natives dwell:
Th' Egyptians thus, by heaven's severe award,
Of ev'ry social intercourse debarr'd,
And, plung'd in night's impenetrable gloom,
(All toil suspended,) mourn their hapless doom.
The outcast pleads in vain, in vain implores;
Fear bars the known, once hospitable doors.
The venerable sire, whose languid frame
Scarce feels the impulse of the vital flame,
Neglected groans. No lenient friends assuage
The complicated woes of helpless age;
And, spite of nature's iterated cries,
The trembling infant unassisted lies.
Fain would the mother (ev'ry want suppress'd)
Breathe the soft slumber o'er the troubled breast!
Fruitless her zeal.—The deep involving shade
Thwarts the fond wish, and checks maternal aid.
While thus the shades of midnight overwhelm
E'en to the extremest bound, the impious realm,
The tribes of Israel stand secure.—By day,
Th' unclouded sun emits his wonted ray;
From Heav'n's wide arch, the moon and stars, by night,
Shed the mild influence of serener light.

Nine times, in desolation's form array'd,
Jehovah now His judgments had display'd;
Yet all are scorn'd; no judgments can assuage
The stubborn purpose of the despot's rage.

Though scarce a gleam of flatt'ring hope remain,
Though through the land appalling famine reign,
Inflexible in guilt's adopted path,
Indignant Pharaoh spurns Jehovah's wrath.
And shall celestial justice check its plan,
Aw'd by the puny arm of froward man?
Shall vengeance throw th' uplifted bolt aside,
Arrested by the threats of regal pride?
Vain thought! Though late the fatal bolt be sped,
Perdition will o'erwhelm th' offender's head.
That mercy, which so oft had interpos'd
For guilty Egypt, is for ever clos'd.
The storm of direr horror takes her place,
And breaks tremendous on the harden'd race.

'Twas night, and, through the land, oblivious sleep
O'er the exhausted sense began to creep.
In darkness shrouded, from th' ethereal height
Th' exterminating angel takes his flight;
Dread delegate of Israel's injur'd Lord,
In his right hand he bears th' attesting sword,
And smites th' Egyptian realm. Rous'd by the cries,
The groans, which now from ev'ry quarter rise,
Pharaoh starts up alarm'd, and sees, dire sight!
His son consign'd to death's eternal night.
His eldest son, the parent's pleasing care,
Pride of his life, and Egypt's boasted heir.
Unseen the hand which gives the mortal wound,
Life's ebbing current streams upon the ground.
Nor mourn'd the king alone: through all the land,
Cut off by heaven's exterminating hand,

E'en from the palace to the rural shed,
Egypt's first born, Jehovah's victims, bled—
First-born of man and beast. Heaps of the slain
Strew ev'ry field, and cover ev'ry plain.
But O! what words can paint the dire affright,
Or match the horrors of the fatal night?
Amidst the judgments, from Jehovah pour'd,
In attestation dread of Israel's Lord,
Though of life's animating joys bereft,
When scarce a dream of flatt'ring hope was left,
The parent, (in misfortune's darkest hour,
So strong, O Nature! thy sustaining pow'r,)
Blest by the presence of her darling child,
E'en then the parent ev'ry fear beguil'd.
Where now, sad change! where can the sufferer find
Assuaging comfort to the wounded mind?
For ever lost is he who could allay
Life's varied ills, chase ev'ry care away;
In whom, when fortune smil'd, the parent found
Her happier lot with twofold blessings crown'd.
Pierc'd with the agonies of dumb despair,
The mother sinks upon her bleeding heir.
Amidst the general carnage of the night,
No terrors on the tribe of Israel light.
Aw'd by the sprinkled blood, which mark'd the place,
(Discriminating sign of heav'nly grace,)
From them, in mercy's milder form array'd,
The angel turns aside the reeking blade.

To what superior arm, O God, save thine,
Can man such desolating pow'r assign?

Or what, save thy benignant, guardian care,
Can, in the midst of public carnage, spare ?
Conscious of this, and overwhelm'd with dread,
Lest heavier judgments strike th' offender's head,
The tyrant yields, convenes the rev'rend seers,
And, trembling, thus unfolds his gloomy fears :—
“ From Egypt's confines take your destin'd way,
Pharaoh no more displays tyrannic sway.
Your God, that God who shakes the Memphian throne,
Him now Almighty I vouchsafe to own.
Hence with your flocks and herds, e'en all your train,
 and bend your steps towards th' appointed plain !
There, as religion's institutes require,
Upon the altar wake the sacred fire.
The Deity, in whom your tribes confide,
Be He your health, your tutelary guide.
And as to Him ye bend the suppliant knee,
Amidst your fervent vows, forget not me.”

Thus Pharaoh spake, and straight, blest sound to hear,
The note of freedom struck the ravish'd ear.
Rescued from servitude's oppressive chains,
The sons of Israel crowd the hated plains ;
Eager to leave the tyrant's dire abode,
And once again adore the living God.
Nor with less zeal (this is their last resource)
Th' Egyptians quicken their intended course.
From ev'ry part they come ; (so Heav'n's control
Softens the fierceness of the hostile soul)
They come ; and, from their secret stores, produce
Whate'er can tend to ornament or use ;

Treasures of gold, and vests of various dye
They bring; and freely Israel's wants supply.
All now complete, while joy fires ev'ry heart,
From Egypt's realm the num'rous bands depart.
E'en a whole nation moves in long array,
And to the desert take their destin'd way.
Though through the Philistean kingdom runs
A nearer track, forewarn'd, that Israel shuns :
Lest loose idolatry's alluring charm,
With softer blandishments, the mind disarm ;
Unnerve the soul, and from the hallow'd law,
In pleasure's form, its better hopes withdraw :
Or lest, by formidable hosts enclos'd,
And inexpert themselves, to war expos'd,
They backward turn, at death's distracting thought,
Preferring life, although with freedom bought.
Hence through the wilderness, as Heav'n decreed,
In long array th' exulting tribes proceed :
And with them (at the prescient hour of death,
So will'd the aged seer's departing breath)
Are carried Joseph's bones. By Heav'n inspir'd,
With freedom's animating prospect fir'd,
The distant time the rev'rend seer foresaw,
When Israel should from Egypt's realm withdraw.

Nor absent is their God. A cloud by day,
Preceding, ascertains th' appointed way ;
A pillar of celestial fire by night
Around their tents sheds tutelary light.
At length to Migdol Moses leads the host,
Where the deep stream leaves the Arabian coast ;

There they encamp.—Meantime the tyrant's breast,
(So soon the dread of judgment is suppress)
Glow with revenge. “ Shall Pharaoh then, (he cried)
By Israel's rebel tribes be thus defied ?
A dastard host of contumelious slaves
Spurns my supremacy, my vengeance braves.
Shall Egypt's King submit, and let foul shame
Blast the fair honours of his royal name ?
No.—Perish all, victims to Pharaoh's rage,
Who dare presumptuous war 'gainst Egypt wage.—
Fortune no more the sanguine hope beguiles ;
Prompt to our wish, the partial goddess smiles.
Near the deep stream encamp'd, the tribes afford
An easy prey to Egypt's thirsty sword.
And shall we, summon'd by benignant fate,
Though thus dishonour'd, still inactive wait ?
Forbid it shame. Prepare the martial car,
Range the swift steeds, and pour the tide of war.
Nought can wipe off the stains of foul disgrace,
Save the extinction of the sullen race.”

Thus spake the tyrant.—All approve the doom ;
Gird on the sword, and shake the crested plume.
Revenge inspires the threat'ning band, but more
The keen remembrance of their golden store ;
The gifts which they on Israel's sons bestow'd,
The raging breast with tenfold fury goad.
Fir'd by the prospect of unbounded prey,
The marshall'd troops advance in firm array,
Thron'd in his car, stern Pharaoh takes the lead :
E'en now anticipates the glorious deed ;

E'en now, in fond imagination lost,
Returns triumphant o'er the routed host.

Through Israel's camp th' alarming tidings spread,
And overwhelm the soul with gloomy dread.
In ev'ry quarter blank despair appears;
Indignant murmurs next bespeak their fears.
"Is this the boasted freedom, this the prize,
For which from Egypt's tyrant Israel flies?
In front, the sea displays its foaming surge;
Behind, the sanguinary legions urge;
What arm can counteract the fatal blow?
Who rescue Israel from the vengeful foe?
Far better fate in bondage to remain,
And groan beneath oppression's galling chain,
Than perish thus, whelm'd in the closing flood,
Or dye the hostile plain with sacred blood."—

And, dar'st thou thus, presumptuous Israel, vent
The bold surmise of peevish discontent?
Dar'st thou, precipitate, that God disown,
Whose judgments aw'd the monarch's tott'ring throne?
That God, who oft, for Israel's tribes, display'd
Th' attesting wonders of supernal aid?
'Think'st thou, that He, aw'd by the arm of man,
Will abrogate redemption's gracious plan?
Who rests beneath Jehovah's outstretched wings,
May brave the menace of opposing Kings.

And lo! the sable cloud, (auspicious sign!)
Which kept the foot from error's devious line,

Moves to the rear; and, lest the foe pursue,
With thwarting gloom obscures the baffled view,
Yet still, amidst night's dark and low'ring shades,
The camp of Israel genial light pervades.
Moses towards the sea extends his rod,
The potent symbol of th' inspiring God.
From the bleak east all night the tempest beats :
Backward all night th' arrested sea retreats.
Soon as the morning dawn'd, 'midst the wide flood,
Whose waves, like crystal walls, collected stood,
Dry land appears. Onward the trepid host
Securely pass, and gain the adverse coast.
Nor linger Pharaoh's bands. Swift o'er the plain,
The chariots roll towards the sever'd main.
And now, anticipating full success,
Through the deep gulf th' imbattled legions press.
Once more the son of Amram suppliant bends,
And o'er the parted waves his rod extends.
By Heav'n impell'd, on Israel's vaunting foes,
With dreadful crash the confluent waters close.
Dread proof what judgments on the impious wait;
Not one escapes exterminating fate.

THE ROD OF AARON.

FELICIA HEMANS.

And it came to pass, that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle of witness: and, behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds.—NUMBERS xvii. 8.

WAS it the sigh of the southern gale
That flushed the almond bough?
Brightest and first the young Spring to hail,
Still its red blossoms glow.

Was it the sunshine that woke its flowers
With a kindling look of love?
Oh, far and deep, and through hidden bowers
That smile of Heaven can rove.

No, from the breeze and the living light
Shut was the sapless rod;
But it felt in the stillness a secret might,
And thrilled to the breath of God.

E'en so may that breath, like the vernal air,
O'er our glad spirits move;
And all such things as are bright and fair,
Be the blossoms its track that prove!

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

REGINALD HEBER.

And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the Sea after them ; there remained not so much as one of them.

But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea ; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.—EXODUS xiv. 28, 29.

ON earth's last margin throng the weeping train,
Their cloudy guide moves on.—And must we sweep the main ?
Mid the light spray the snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood.
He comes,—their leader comes,—the man of God
O'er the wide water lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads : the circling waves retreat
In hoarse deep murmurs from his holy feet ;
And the chafed surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand, and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass a deep and slippery dell ;
Round them arise in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calf's low-roofed haunts, are seen.

Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread,
The seething waters storm above their head ;
While, far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades, on Edom's hills, its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night ;
Still in the van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed, broad and fierce, the brandished torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave ;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone :—for Mizraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain :
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods along their line ;
Yet on they go, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed,
Till, midway now, that strange and fiery form,
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm,
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their coursers'
flight.

“Fly, Mizraim, fly !” The ravenous floods they see,
And fiercer than the floods, the Deity !
“Fly, Mizraim, fly !” From Edom's coral strand,
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand :
With one wild crash, the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep :
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs passed,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast,

And strange and sad the whispering surges bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mingled limbs of men, the broken car,
A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few! Then soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell;
And he whose hardened heart alike had borne
The hours of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude.
Till kindling into warmer zeal around,
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppressed,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast,
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye—
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
“Where now,” she sang, “the tall Egyptian spear,
Osiris' sunlike shield and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread;
Shout Israel! for the Lord hath triumphed.”

HEBREW HYMN.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Then Moses called for all the elders of Israel, and said unto them, draw out and take you a lamb according to your families, and kill the passover.—EXODUS xii. 21.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.
By day along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh ! When stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night ;
Be Thou long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute our timbrel, trump and horn.
But Thou hast said, " The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams I will not prize :
A contrite heart, an humble thought
Are more accepted sacrifice."



Munillo.

Sartain.

MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

SMITING THE ROCK.

RICHARD HOWITT.

Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.

And he called the name of the place Massah, and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the Lord, saying, "Is the Lord among us or not?"
—Exodus xvii. 6, 7.

WHEN wandering in the wilderness,
The people cried in their distress;
And ever was the murmuring cry,
"Give us drink, or else we die!"

And eager was the cry, and loud;
A rebel, not a suppliant crowd;
Till Moses smote the rock, and burst
The full stream forth unto their trust.

Thus countless are the sufferers still,
Sad wanderers of an evil will;
And still ascends the feverish cry,
"Give us to drink, or else we die."

Has then the living rock been rent
In vain—in vain its waters spent;
The waters of eternal power,
Which flowed, and flow unto this hour?

For thousands standing on its brink,
Behold the stream who never drink;
Here drinking once, for ever more
Their souls with blessings had run o'er.

AARON ON MOUNT HOR.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

And Moses did as the Lord commanded ; and they went up into Mount Hor in the sight of all the congregation.

And Moses stripped Aaron of his garments, and put them upon Eleazar his son ; and Aaron died there in the top of the mount ; and Moses and Eleazar came down from the mount.

And when all the congregation saw that Aaron was dead, they mourned for Aaron thirty days, even all the house of Israel.—NUMBERS XX. 27, 28, 29.

THE summer day declin'd o'er Edom's vales,
As on, through winding paths of lone Mount Hor,
Three men went travelling slow. One moved with pain ;
His white beard sweeping o'er his reverend breast,
And ever, as the ascent steeper grew,
More heavily did lean on those who lent
Their kindly aid.

I see the mitred brow
Of the High Priest of Israel—and anon,
As the slant sun sends forth a stronger beam
Through the sparse boughs and cones of terebinth,
His dazzling breastplate like a rainbow gleams.

Methinks he communes with the past, and calls
The buried years. Each, like a flitting ghost,
Comes with its memories up, and glides away.
Once more the moan of Egypt meets his ear,
As when her first-born died—the sullen surge
Of the divided sea, enforced to leave
Its ancient channels, and the affrighted cry
Of Israel at red Sinai's awful base.
Their murmurings, and their mockings, and their strife,—
The sin at Meribah,—the desert-graves
Fed with their recreant race—all rise anew,
And pass before him as a troubled dream.

But lo! his features wear a brightening tinge,
And o'er his high, anointed brow there gleams
A transient smile. Caught he a glorious view
Of that eternal Canaan, fair with light,
And watered by the river of his God,
Where was his heritage? Or stole the song
Of Miriam's timbrel o'er the flood of death,
Wooing him onward through the last, faint steps
Of wearied life?

And now they reach the spot
Where he had come to die. Strange heaviness
Settled around his spirit. Then he knew
That death's dark angel stretched a sable wing
'Tween him and earth. The altar, and the ark,
The unuttered mysteries seen within the vail,
Those deep-set traces of his inmost soul,
Grew dim and vanished.

So, with trembling hand,
He hasted to unclasp the priestly robe,
And cast it o'er his son, and on his head
The mitre place; while, with a feeble voice,
He blessed, and bade him keep his garments pure
From blood of souls. But then, as Moses raised
The mystic breastplate, and that dying eye
Caught the last radiance of those precious stones,
By whose oracular and fearful light
Jehovah had so oft his will revealed,
Unto the chosen tribes whom Aaron loved
In all their wanderings—but whose promised land
He might not look upon—he sadly laid
His head upon the mountain's turfy breast,
And with one prayer, half wrapped in stifled groans,
Gave up the ghost.

Steadfast beside the dead,
With folded arms and face uplift to Heaven,
The prophet Moses stood—as if by faith
Following the sainted soul. No sigh of grief,
Nor sign of earthly passion marked the man
Who once on Sinai's top had talked with God.
—But the young priest knelt down, with quivering lip,
And pressed his forehead on the pulseless breast,
And mid the gifts of sacerdotal power
And dignity entrusted to his hand,
Remembering but the father that he loved—
Long with his filial tears bedewed the clay.

MOSES SEEING THE LAND.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

And the Lord said unto him, "This is the land which I swear unto Abraham, unto Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of the Lord.

And Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died: his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated.—DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 4, 5, 7.

My Father's hope, my childhood's dream!

The promise from on high!

Long waited for! Its glories beam

Now when my death is nigh.

My death is come, but not decay;

Nor mind nor eye is dim;

The keenness of youth's vigorous day

Thrills in each nerve and limb.

Blest scene! Thrice welcome after toil—

If no deceit I view;

Oh! might my lips but press the soil,

And prove the vision true!

Its glorious heights, its wealthy plains,
Its many-tinted groves,
They call! But He my steps restrains,
Who chastens whom He loves.

Ah! now they melt—they are but shades—
I die!—Yet is no rest,
Oh Lord! in store, since Canaan fades
But seen, and not possessed?

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

W. B. TAPPAN.

And He buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre, unto this day.—DEUTERONOMY xxxiv. 6.

To gorgeous burial goes the monarch,
With scarf, and mute, and nodding plume,—
The glitter, which flashed o'er his cradle,
Settles around his costly tomb.

To burial with a grievous mourning,
The starred and laurelled hero goes;
And muffled drum and solemn trumpet
Ring out a stricken nation's woes.

And brows of wisdom are uncovered,
And hoary heads in grief are bent,
While he to senseless clay is gathered,
Whose spirit searched the firmament;

And trod the fields, thick sown with planets,
And traced out nature's secret laws;
And followed, in their mighty courses,
Suns, stars, and worlds, to their First Cause.

With simple rite, the village maiden,—
Cut down, how like a flower at eve!—
In all her loveliness is buried,
And rifled hearts are left to grieve.

There's hollow wo, there's genuine feeling,
When dust is given back to dust;
Some are resigned by sweet Religion,
Some acquiesce, because they must.

Yet of the burial Time has witnessed,
None in simplicity may vie,
None in their state with that of Moses,
Who went up Nebos' top to die.

What lofty obsequies were rendered
That hour when Darkness held the pall!
What pomp, where stood, in clouds pavilioned,
The silent, present Lord of All!

How blest the man, whose dust Jehovah
Hid in a grave that's yet untrod!
Thrice blessed he, that soul most happy,
Whose LIFE IS HID, with Christ, in God!

THE REPLY OF RUTH.

AMANDA M. EDMOND.

And Ruth said, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."—RUTH i. 16, 17.

ENTREAT me not! entreat me not!

I cannot go from thee;

Oh! dreary, dreary is my lot,

If thou art not with me.

Why dost thou ask me? Have I e'er

Been less to thee than true?

I, from whose heart thine image ne'er

A moment's absence knew.

Hast thou forgot that age has set

His seal upon thy brow?

Though beauty's traces linger yet,

To show what once wert thou;

Thy tottering step, thy trembling hand,

Thine eyes he dim hath made:

How wilt thou reach a stranger land

Without thy wonted aid?

Hast thou forgotten her who gives
To thee the strength of youth,
As thou hast lived for her, who lives
For thee, thy faithful Ruth?
Hast thou forgotten her who sings
Thy griefs and cares away,
Till tardy moments spread their wings
And speed the closing day?

Thou shalt not wander forth alone
To toil, and beg for bread,
On changeful fortune's bounty thrown
While I am richly fed.
No! where thou goest, I will go,
Where other mountains rise,
And other waters darkly flow,
The world before us lies.

How could I love the light of home,
The hearthstone kindling warm,
And know that thou wert forced to roam,
Exposed to every storm?
Sleep would not come on wings of peace,
With wreaths of balmy flowers;
My soul to seek thee would not cease,
All through the midnight hours.

And where thou livest, I will live,
In some wild mountain's cave,
Where passing storms a tribute give,
And gloomy cedars wave.

The hand that kindly succours thee,
Shall for my wants provide;
Thy home, though rough and rude it be,
Shall shelter me beside.

And where thou diest I will die,
Within our own sweet land,
Or 'neath a sterner, colder sky,
Or on a burning sand.

Together may our fleeting breath
To Israel's God be given,
Together may we sleep in death,
Together wake in Heaven.

Oh let me share thy weight of wo,
The burden of thy care,
My heart shall never weary grow,
Or shrink its load to bear.

I cannot, cannot part with thee,
Above, below the sod—

Thy people shall *my* people be,
Thy God shall be *my* God!

THE PASSAGE OF THE JORDAN.

JOSEPH H. CLINCH.

And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.—JOSHUA iii. 17.

THE hosts of God, by Joshua led,
Approached the Jordan's eddying tide,
And priests, with veiled and bended head,
Bear to its grassy side
The Ark, beneath whose cherub wings
Are kept the pure and precious things;—
Behind the morn its radiance flings
On bannered lance and buckler bright,
And brazen trump, whose music rings
To hail the dawning light.

The flood before them boils and leaps
Along its deep and rocky bed,
But still the moving column keeps
Onward its fearless tread,
As though no foamy current flowed
Between it and the blest abode,

To which, by many a thorny road
And desert plain its steps had passed,
And which in morning's glory glowed
Green, beautiful and vast.

And now the Levites' sandalled feet,
Are moistened by the river's edge,
Which curls and breaks with murmur sweet,
Amid the bending sedge.
Yet pause they not; with heart of prayer,
And faith-supported strength, they bear
That which the torrent shall not dare
Submerge, or mar with angry tide—
They know not how—but know that there
God will a way provide.

Their faith hath triumphed;—with the sound
Of rushing thunder backward fly
The affrighted billows, and the ground
They moistened now, is dry.
Cleft in the midst the waters stand
Obedient to their God's command,
Towering aloft on either hand,
A glassy and resplendent heap,
Where scenes which blessed the promised land
In mirrored beauty sleep.

And fearless down the dark defile
The countless hosts of Israel go,
And loud from trump and harp the while,
The strains of gladness flow.

The depths, that voices never gave,
But those of warning wind and wave,
Send from their dark and oozy grave
 The echoing tread of joyous throngs,
And praise of Him, whose hand can save,
 In loud triumphant songs.

And now the farther shore they gain,
 And kneeling kiss the promised spot,
Which, through long years of toil and pain
 Their anxious steps had sought.
Whilst with a wild and maddening roar
The tides, disjoined from shore to shore,
Their long suspended waters pour
 To fill the yawning gulf between;
Closed is the bright mysterious door,
 By which they entered in.

Christian, behold the typic shade
 Of that dim path prepared for thee—
Behold in Jordan's tide displayed
 Death's overflowing sea.
Thou treadest still life's desert plain
In toil and sorrow, care and pain;
Trials and doubts and fears maintain
 With thee a fierce and bitter strife,
And but for heavenly aid would gain
 The conquest o'er thy life.

Yet soon that toilsome war shall cease,
 And thou beside the flood shall stand,

Beyond whose waves are realms of peace,
A pure and holy land.
But if thou still hast kept the Ark
Of God before thee as a mark,
Fear not the troubled waters dark,
Howe'er they rage and chafe and roar;
On that mysterious voyage embark,
And God will guide thee o'er.

Pass boldly on in faith and prayer,
And waves of doubt and floods of fear
Shall part and leave a passage there
To changeless glories near.
The dim obscurity shall fail
In death's dark pass and shadowy vale,
And thou, with gladdened eye, shall hail
Bright glimpses of the glorious things
Which lie beyond, and render pale
The angel's flashing wings.

And when thou'st gained that blessed shore,
For ever freed from sin and pain,
Death's cheated waves shall hiss and roar,
Mingling their streams again.
Thence ever closed, that shadowy door
Shall entrance give to earth no more—
But thou shalt reach the golden floor
By Jesus lit, and angels trod,
Ever and ever to adore
Thy Saviour and thy God.

THE MIRACLE AT GIBEON.

JOSHUA B. VAN SCHAICK.

Then spake Joshua to the Lord in the day when the Lord delivered up the Amorites before the children of Israel, and he said in the sight of Israel, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon."

And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies. Is not this written in the book of Jasher? So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day.

And there was no day like that before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man: for the Lord fought for Israel.—JOSHUA x. 12, 13, 14.

THE day rose clear on Gibeon. Her high towers
Flash'd the red sunbeams gloriously back,
And the wind-driven banners, and the steel
Of her ten thousand spears caught dazzlingly
The sun, and on the fortresses of rock
Play'd a soft glow, that as a mockery seem'd
To the stern men who girded by its light.
Beth-Horon in the distance slept, and breath
Was pleasant in the vale of Ajalon,
Where armed heels trod carelessly the sweet
Wild spices, and the trees of gum were shook
By the rude armour on their branches hung.
Suddenly in the camp, without the walls,

Rose a deep murmur, and the men of war
Gathered around their kings, and "Joshua!
From Gilgal, Joshua!" was whispered low,
As with a secret fear, and then, at once,
With the abruptness of a dream, he stood
Upon the rock before them. Calmly then
Raised he the helm, and with his temples bare,
And hands uplifted to the sky, he prayed:
"God of this people, hear! and let the sun
Stand upon Gibeon, still; and let the moon
Rest in the vale of Ajalon!" He ceased:
And lo! the moon sits motionless, and earth
Stands on her axis, indolent. The sun
Pours the unmoving column of his rays
In undiminished heat; the hours stand still;
The shade hath stopped upon the dial's face;
The clouds and vapours, that at night are wont
To gather and enshroud the lower earth,
Are struggling with strange rays, breaking them up,
Scattering the misty phalanx, like a wand,
Glancing o'er mountain tops, and shining down
In broken masses on the astonished plains.
The fevered cattle group in wondering herds;
The weary birds go to their leafy nests,
But find no darkness there, and wander forth
On feeble, fluttering wing, to find a rest;
The parch'd, bak'd earth, undamped by usual dews,
Has gaped, and cracked, and heat, dry, mid-day heat,
Comes like a drunkard's breath upon the heart.
On with thy armies, Joshua! The Lord
God of Sabaoth is the avenger now!

His voice is in the thunder, and his wrath
Poureth the beams of the retarded sun,
With the keen strength of arrows, on their sight.
The unwearied sun rides in the zenith sky ;
Nature, obedient to the Maker's voice,
Stops, in full course, all her mysterious wheels.
On ! till avenging swords have drunk the blood
Of all Jehovah's enemies, and till
Thy banners in returning triumph wave ;
Then yonder orb shall set mid golden clouds,
And, while a dewy rain falls soft on earth,
Show in the heavens the glorious bow of God,
Shining, the rainbow banner of the skies.

DEBORAH'S HYMN OF TRIUMPH.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

JUDGES V.

THUS sang Deborah and Barak, son of Abinoam,
In the day of the victory thus they sang :
That Israel hath wrought her mighty vengeance,
That the willing people rushed to battle,
Oh, therefore, praise Jehovah !

Hear, ye kings ! give ear, ye princes !
I to Jehovah, I will lift the song,
I will sound the harp to Jehovah, God of Israel !
Jehovah ! when thou wentest forth from Seir !
When thou marched'st through the fields of Edom !
Quaked the earth, and poured the heavens,
Yea, the clouds poured down with water :
Before Jehovah's face the mountains melted,
That Sinai before Jehovah's face,
The God of Israel.

In the days of Shamgar, son of Anath,
In Jael's days, untrodden were the highways,
Through the winding bypath stole the traveller;
Upon the plains deserted lay the hamlets,
Even till that I, till Deborah arose,
Till I arose, in Israel a mother.

They chose new gods:
War was in all their gates!
Was buckler seen, or lance,
'Mong forty thousand sons of Israel?
My soul is yours, ye chiefs of Israel!
And ye, the self-devoted of the people,
Praise ye the Lord with me!
Ye that ride upon the snow-white asses,
Ye that sit to judge, on rich divans,
Ye that plod on foot the open way,
Come meditate the song.

For the noise of plundering archers by the wells of water,
Now they meet and sing aloud Jehovah's righteous acts;
His righteous acts the hamlets sing, upon the open plains,
And enter their deserted gates the people of Jehovah.

Awake, Deborah! Awake!
Awake, uplift the song!
Barak, awake! and lead your captives captive,
Thou son of Abinoam!

With him a valiant few went down against the mighty,
With me Jehovah's people went down against the strong.

First Ephraim, from the mount of Amalek,
And, after thee, the bands of Benjamin !
From Machir came the rulers of the people,
From Zebulon, those that bear the marshal's staff;
And Issachar's brave princes came with Deborah,
Issachar, the strength of Barak :
They burst into the valley on his footsteps.

By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—
Why sat'st thou idle, Reuben, mid thy herd stalls ?
Was it to hear the lowing of thy cattle ?
By Reuben's fountains there was deep debating—

And Gilead lingered on the shores of Jordan—
And Dan, why dwelled he among his ships ?—
And Asser dwelled in his sea-shore havens,
And sate upon his rock precipitous.
But Zebulon was a death-defying people,
And Naphthali from off the mountain heights.

Came the kings and fought,
Fought the kings of Canaan
By Tannach, by Megiddo's waters,
For the golden booty that they won not.

From the heavens that fought 'gainst Sisera,
In their courses fought the stars against him :
The torrent Kishon swept them down,
That ancient river Kishon.
So trample thou, my soul, upon their might.

Then stamped the clattering hoofs of prancing horses
At the flight, at the flight of the mighty.

Curse ye Meroz, saith the angel of the Lord,
Curse, a twofold curse upon her dastard sons;
For they came not to the succour of Jehovah,
To the succour of Jehovah 'gainst the mighty.

Above all women blest be Jael,
Heber the Kenite's wife,
Over all the women blest, that dwell in tents.

Water he asked—she gave him milk,
The curded milk, in her costliest bowl.
Her left hand to the nail she set,
Her right hand to the workman's hammer—
Then Sisera she smote—she clave his head;
She bruised—she pierced his temples.
At her feet he bow'd; he fell; he lay;
At her feet he bow'd; he fell;
Where he bow'd, there he fell dead.

From the window she looked forth, she cried,
The mother of Sisera, through the lattice:
“Why is his chariot so long in coming?
Why tarry the wheels of his chariot?”
Her prudent women answer'd her—
Yea, she herself gave answer to herself—
“Have they not seized, not shared the spoil?
One damsel, or two damsels to each chief?
To Sisera a many-coloured robe,

A many-coloured robe and richly broider'd,
Many-coloured and border'd round the neck."

Thus perish all thine enemies, Jehovah!
And those who love thee, like the sun shine forth,
The sun in all his glory.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

EMILY TAYLOR.

And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, "Samuel, Samuel." Then Samuel answered, "Speak ; for thy servant heareth."—1 SAMUEL iii. 10.

"SPEAK, Lord !" the youthful prophet humbly cried ;

"Thy servant hears !"

And instant, hark ! the Voice Divine replies,

Its will declares,—

No other ear in all that temple's round

Receives the deep, impressive, solemn sound ;

The sacred tribe, the aged priest passed by,

God stands revealed to youthful piety.

He comes no more to rouse the outward ear

At dead of night ;

No fearful dream his purposed act makes clear,

To mortal sight :—

But wheresoe'er man seeks to meet him, still

A voice is near him whispering of his will,

And ever as he calls on God to "speak,"
That inward voice will nature's silence break.

Yes, Christian, He whose voice then spoke on earth,
Still speaks to thee ;
Whether in sweetest music warbling forth
From every tree,
Or in the stillness of the evening hour,
Or when the tempest gathers all its power,
Or when the sea its awful voice uprears,
Be thine to answer, " Speak, thy servant hears."

In all thy varying portion in the strife
Twixt earth and heaven,
Or when sweet gleamings of a better life
To thee are given,
When hard the conflict, dim the distant end,
No light to cheer thee, at thy side no friend,
Yet hark ! e'en now, in answer to thy prayer,
The voice, the voice of Love Divine is there !

Or when the page of truth, before thee spreads
Its chastened light,
And some reviving promise round thee sheds
Hopes clear and bright,
There speaks the Gospel Author : to that word,
Favoured disciple of a pitying Lord,
Bend, meekly bend, a still, attentive ear :
'Tis his to speak ; with reverence thine to hear.

Thankful for this, thy destined path pursue,
Or dark, or bright;
Till faith, while glory bursts upon the view,
Is lost in sight:
Till then, with ever-wakeful care abide
By the least whispers of thy heavenly Guide;
For still, when followed most, that Voice shall be
Strength, comfort, peace, and blessedness to thee.

THE PROPHETS.

Despise not prophesyings.—1 THESSALONIANS V. 20.

“THUS SAITH THE LORD,” the most authoritative formula with which man could address his fellow-mortals, was a warrant which the ancient Jewish Prophets could assume, only under the most unmistakeable evidence that they were indeed bearing to his people, the direct message of Him who was King in Israel. The Divine Law promulgated by Moses, imposed the penalty of death upon the unwarranted assumption of the Divine Mission. The tests provided were so strict, and so effectually guarded against imposture, that the remarkable fact is presented of the extinction of the Prophets, while the Levitical race increased in their exactions and grew insolent in their interpolations and traditions. The spirit of prophecy once departed, the descendants of those who killed the Prophets bore evidence to their past existence, by building tombs to the memory of the men who had left few representatives on earth, and who, as a class, had passed away. Had the Prophets been impostors, there could have offered no better harvest for their impositions than the decline of the Jewish state; but when

God withdrew his presence, and spake no more with man, face to face, the Schools of the Prophets were succeeded by the Synagogue, and the teachings of the Scribes and Pharisees; and the declaration of the will of Heaven was supplanted by cumbersome and weary glosses upon the sacred writings, and by the invention of traditions, which rendered the word of God of none effect.

The peculiar Government of the Jews in the earlier centuries of their history, when Jehovah held direct communication with his creatures, is one of the most wonderful topics of the old Testament History. The Prophets and leaders of the Hebrews could not but discourse in the sublimest strains of poesy, since their utterance was prompted by the Holy Spirit. In vain may uninspired tongues aspire to the language which flowed from such dictation. It was God who spake by the Prophets, and man may not strive to imitate.

The mind pictures to itself, as the favourite figure of a seer, a calm and holy old man; serene in the conscious support of heavenly strength, gentle in pity to the mortals he was addressing, and sedate and collected, in the awful dignity of Heaven's ambassador. No poisonous exhalations transported the Prophets to madness; no noxious draughts stole their senses, and fired their imaginations; no demented enthusiasm converted them into men beside themselves. But when they would speak the words of the great Jehovah, they studied to avoid all excitement, and to divest themselves of every influence which could interfere with the uninterrupted delivery of the message which they were charged to bear to the people. To soothe their minds into the heavenly calm which the prophetic utterance required, we find that sacred music was cultivated

in the schools of the Prophets. And the same agent was also employed to wake their minds when dormant, into a pure and heavenly ecstasy; for when they would speak of God's power, and declare his glory, they aroused the spirit of prophecy by singing of his wondrous majesty, and awaking the harp to the song of thanksgiving. Employed in praise, or moving in prophecy, David calls his tongue "My Glory!" Speech, the attribute which distinguishes man above the brutes; which places him even above the mighty, but silent works of nature; which enables him to impart to his fellow-mortals the thoughts which possess his own soul, and to address the Omnipotent in the language of confession, of supplication, and of thanksgiving, is aptly styled the Glory of the man who recognises the power and goodness of his Creator, in the right use of the great and precious gift.

In the Sacred Canon, certain well-known books are designated as prophetic. But it is not in these alone that we find the traces of prophecy. God, it is declared, spake by the mouths of his holy Prophets *since the world began*. The first prophecy recorded, is in the words of Jehovah himself, to our erring Parents, when he declared the great and consolatory triumph of the Seed of the Woman over the Serpent. It was this prediction which supported the righteous through the long years when they waited for his salvation in the darkness and wickedness of successive evil and corrupt generations. This great declaration was the soul of prophecy; for unto it all other predictions have ever been subordinate. From this all prophecy derives its weight and consequence. To this Jesus referred upon the Cross, when he said of the work of redemption—"IT IS FINISHED!" Of this the glory which shall be re-

vealed will be the consummation. When the Christian, disenthralled from the clogs of sense, shall rejoice in the perfect bliss of Heaven, the light which dawned amid the darkness of the Garden of the Lord, dishonoured by man's transgression, will be recognised by the Redeemed as the "Dayspring from on high,"—whose brightness, growing more and more unto the perfect day, will be known in its fulness in Heaven, where "the Lamb shall be the light thereof."

The time during which the Prophets flourished, whose books are in the canon, extends from 856 to 420 years before Christ. The order in which they prophesied is not that in which they stand in the Bible, no chronological reference being preserved in this respect. Much diligent study has been devoted to fixing their respective epochs; and the commonly received, and undoubtedly correct order is as follows: Jonah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Joel, Micah, Nahum, Zephaniah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Daniel, Obadiah, Ezekiel, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi. A common division of the prophetical books is into the four greater and the twelve minor; a distinction which does not indicate any less authority for the one class than for the other, but which refers entirely to the length of that portion of their writings which has come down to us. Indeed, for some of the most valuable parts of the sacred prophetical literature we are indebted to what are termed the minor prophets. Beside these sixteen, we have record or traces of very many more,—the Jews reckoning forty-eight prophets in all, and forty-seven prophetesses; but if we include, as we may, the elders of the Jewish nation, and the fathers of the human race, the number of prophets swells indefinitely. Many, as the reader will remember, are referred to in the Scriptures, who are not designated by name.

The Prophets existed as a distinct class in the Jewish community, celebrated for self-denial, temperance, and a contempt for worldly honours and advancement, which placed them above fear, and superior to the desires of the world. There were some striking exceptions, among those claiming the virtues and wearing the apparel of the Prophets, to the holiness for which they were remarkable; but those exceptions were visited with the punishment which their unfaithfulness or their imposture incurred. There are also instances given in which bad men were endued for a special mission with the spirit of prophecy, and became the unwilling heralds of God's truth, as in the case of Balaam.

The Prophets were not only the predictors of future events, but the stern reprovers of the king upon his throne, and the people in their wickedness. They were also the direct messengers of comfort and consolation to the good and just in their affliction, of support in their doubt and despondency. Not unfrequently were they also the counsellors of monarchs and warriors. Indeed their predictions seem often to have been subordinate to their duty of reproof and exhortation. It was not to gratify the itching ears of man, ever anxious to pry into futurity; it was not to minister to an idle curiosity, that the veil was lifted from the eyes of the Hebrew Seers. They declared future events as the warrant of their Divine mission, resting the genuineness of their claim to inspiration upon the fulfilment of the prophecies which they pronounced. It was this consideration that drove the rebellious prophet Jonah away from his duty, for he feared that the goodness of God, and the repentance of the wicked city, would make him appear to the people a pretender, and a false alarmist.

In many methods did Heaven vouchsafe to the Prophets

that evidence of the Divine support which should give them authority and credibility with the people. As they were the uncompromising denouncers of vice and idolatry, all these favourable influences were needed in their behalf; and all were not sufficient to protect them from the rage of those who were rebuked by their words, or shamed by their examples. Stupendous miracles were performed by them, and for their support, so that while their lives challenged the investigation of man, they were granted also the open and signal approval of Heaven.

The writings of the Prophets are valuable as among the most appreciable evidences of the authenticity and the divine origin of the Sacred Scriptures. That the prophecies were delivered anterior to the events which they describe cannot be denied without setting aside all the rules by which we determine the truth of history; and in the fact that sceptics have laboured to show that some of the most remarkable predictions were no predictions, but narratives written after the events they foreshadow, is an unwilling admission from the enemies of the Bible, to the fulfilment of the prophecies. The fact is conceded that if prophecies they are correct, in the very effort to prove that they are not prophecies but narratives.

In this point of view the writings of the Prophets, primarily addressed to the children of Israel, are as valuable to us as to them. To us, as to them, the fact that "the Word of God came" to Holy Men of old, is one of momentous import. The Prophets are recognised by the Apostles as among the foundations of that church of which Jesus Christ is the chief Corner Stone. The Prophets testified of Him who should

come into the world; and the testimony, commencing when the world began, will not have completed its appointed work until the heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll, and faith, by which we know in part, and prophesy in part, shall be superseded by that knowledge, by which we shall know, even as we are known.

DAVID'S TRIUMPH.*

HANNAH MORE.

And the men of Israel said, "Have ye seen this man that is come up? surely to defy Israel is he come up: and it shall be, that the man who killeth him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."—1 SAMUEL xvii. 25.

And it came to pass, as they came, when David was returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, that the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with instruments of music.

And the women answered one another as they played, and said, "Saul hath slain his thousands and David his ten thousands."

And Saul was very wroth, and the saying displeased him; and he said, "They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands: and what can he have more but the kingdom?"—1 SAMUEL xviii. 6, 7, 8.

DAVID. Oh King! I would not aught from favour claim,
Or on remembered services presume;
But on the strength of my own actions stand
Ungraced and unsupported.

ABNER. Well he merits
The honours which await him. Why, oh King,
Dost thou delay to bless his doubting heart
With his well-earned reward? Thy lovely daughter,
By right of conquest his!

* See Frontispiece.

SAUL. (*To David.*) True, thou hast won her,
She shall be thine. Yes, a king's word is past.

DAVID. Oh boundless blessing! When shall she be mine,
For whom contending monarchs might renounce
Their slighted crowns?

[*Chorus of Hebrew women heard in the distance.*]

SAUL. How 's this? What sounds of joy
Salute my ears? What means this needless pomp?
This merry sound of tabret and of harp?
What mean these needless instruments of triumph?
These women who in fair procession move,
Making sweet melody?

ABNER. To pay due honour
To David are they come.

SAUL. (*Aside.*) A rival's praise
Is discord to my ear! They might have spared
This idle pageantry; it wounds my soul!

Prepare! Your festal rites prepare!
Let your triumphs rend the air!
Idol gods shall reign no more:
We the Living God adore!
Let heathen hosts on human helps repose,
Since Israel's God has routed Israel's foes.

Let remotest nations know
Proud Goliath's overthrow.
Fall'n, Philistia, is thy trust,—
Dagon mingles with the dust!
Who fears the Lord of Glory, need not fear
The brazen armour, or the lifted spear.

See the routed squadrons fly !
Hark the clamours rend the sky !
Blood and carnage stain the field !
See the vanquished nations yield !
Dismay and terror fill the frightened land,
While conquering David routs the trembling band.

Lo ! upon the tented field,
Royal Saul has thousands killed !
Lo ! upon th' ensanguined plain,
David has ten thousands slain !
Let mighty Saul his vanquished thousands tell,
While tenfold triumphs David's victories swell.

THE CALL OF DAVID.

LYRA APOSTOLICA.

And he sent and brought him in. Now he was ruddy, and withal of a beautiful countenance, and goodly to look to. And the Lord said, "Arise, anoint him: for this is he."—
1 SAMUEL xvi. 12.

LATEST born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals for thee a path of toil.
We, thy angels, circling round thee,
Ne'er shall find thee as we found thee,
When thy faith first brought us near
In thy lion-fight severe.

Go! and mid thy flocks awhile
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load,
Dimly guessing of the road,—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel-tended!

Double praise thou shalt attain,
In royal court and battle-plain;
Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness;
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith, and guilt, and wo,
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom, sin beguiled,
Sated power's tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood,
Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years.

Strange, that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scarring storm!
Yet we take thee in thy blindness,
And we harass thee in kindness;
Little chary of thy fame,—
Dust unborn may bless or blame,—
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit;
And we mould thee hence to rise
As our brother to the skies.

THE RAISING OF SAMUEL.

LORD BYRON.

And he said unto her, "What form is he of?" And she said, "An old man cometh up; and he is covered with a mantle." And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself.

And Samuel said to Saul, "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up?" And Saul answered, "I am sore distressed; for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams: therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."—1 SAMUEL xxviii. 14, 15.

THOU whose spell can raise the dead,
Bid the Prophet's form appear.
"Samuel, raise thy buried head!
King, behold the phantom seer!"

Why is my sleep disquieted?
Who is he that calls the dead?
Is it thou, oh king? Behold
Bloodless are these limbs and cold:
Such are mine; and such shall be
Thine to-morrow, when with me,

Ere the coming day is done,
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.
Fare thee well, but for a day,
Then we mix our mouldering clay.
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low,
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;
And the falchion by thy side,
To thy heart thy hand shall guide.
Crownless, breathless, headless, fall,
Son and sire, the House of Saul.

DAVID'S LAMENTATION.

GEORGE SANDYS.*

And David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and Jonathan his son.—2 SAMUEL i. 17.

THY beauty, Israel, is fled,
Sunk to the dead.
How are the valiant fall'n! The slain
Thy mountains stain.
Oh let it not in Gath be known;
Nor in the streets of Ascalon!

Lest that sad story should excite
Their dire delight:
Lest in the torrent of our wo
Their pleasure flow:
Lest their triumphant daughters ring
Their cymbals, and curs'd pæans sing.

You hills of Gilboa, never may
You offerings pay;
No morning dew, nor fruitful showers
Clothe you with flowers:

* Born 1577, died 1643.

Saul, and his arms, there made a spoil;
As if untouched with sacred oil.

The bow of noble Jonathan
Great battles won:
His arrows on the mighty fed,
With slaughter red.
Saul never raised his arm in vain;
His sword still glutted with the slain.

How lovely! oh how pleasant! when
They lived with men!
Than eagles swifter; stronger far
Than lions are:
Whom love in life so strongly tied,
The stroke of death could not divide.

Sad Israel's daughters, weep for Saul;
Lament his fall:
Who fed you with the earth's increase,
And crowned with peace:
With robes of Tyrian purple deck'd,
And gems which sparkling life reflect.

How are thy worthies by the sword
Of war devour'd!
Oh Jonathan, the better part
Of my torn heart!
The savage rocks have drunk thy blood:
My brother! oh how kind! how good!

Thy love was great: oh never more
To man, man bore!
No woman, when most passionate,
Loved at that rate!
How are the mighty fall'n in fight!
They and their glory set in night!

ABSALOM.

N. P. WILLIS.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"—2 SAMUEL xviii. 33.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still
Unbroken beatings of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little rest,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow

To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people, until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words, and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when better thoughts
Come crowding quickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a bitter mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel—and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But oh! for Absalom—
The proud, bright being who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him, for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels, as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.

His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jewelled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall, steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade,
As if a trumpet rang; but, the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still,
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:

“Alas! my noble boy! That thou should'st die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!

My proud boy, Absalom!

“Cold is thy brow, my son! And I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

And hear thy sweet "My Father!" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft wind flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear, to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment, on his child: then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.



Corbould

Sartain

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

JAMES GRAHAME.

SORE was the famine throughout all the bounds
Of Israel, when Elijah, by command
Of God, journeyed to Cherith's failing brook.
No rain-drops fell, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale;
The withering herbâge dies; among the palms
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
An autumn rustle; no sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches; scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around
And trusts in God, and lays his silver head
Upon the flowerless bank; serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning; then with hands enclasped
And heavenward face, and eyelids closed, he prays
To Him who manna on the desert showered,
To Him who from the rock made fountains gush:
Entranced the man of God remains: till roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart,
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

BARZILLAI THE GILEADITE.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Let me be buried by the grave of my father, and of my mother.—2 SAMUEL xix. 37.

SON of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honours stay me?—
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn and die;—
Where my parents' ashes lie,
King of Israel!—bid them lay me.

Bury me near my sire revered,
Whose feet in righteous paths so firmly trod,
Who early taught my soul with awe
To heed the Prophets and the Law,
And to my infant heart appeared
Majestic as a God:—
Oh! when his sacred dust
The cerements of the tomb shall burst,
Might I be worthy at his feet to rise
To yonder blissful skies,
Where angel hosts resplendent shine,
JEHOVAH!—Lord of hosts, the glory shall be thine.

Cold age upon my breast
Hath shed a frost like death;
The wine-cup hath no zest,
The rose no fragrant breath;
Music from my ear hath fled,
Yet still the sweet tone lingereth there,
The blessing that my mother shed
Upon my evening prayer.
Dim is my wasted eye
To all that beauty brings,
The brow of grace, the form of symmetry
Are half-forgotten things;—
Yet one bright hue is vivid still,
A mother's holy smile, that soothed my sharpest ill.

Memory, with traitor-tread,
Methinks doth steal away
Treasures that the mind hath laid
Up for a wintry day.
Images of sacred power,
Cherished deep in passion's hour,
Faintly now my bosom stir:
Good and evil, like a dream,
Half obscured, and shadowy seem,
Yet with a changeless love my soul remembereth her,
Yea—it remembereth her:
Close by her blessed side make ye my sepulchre.

SOLOMON'S PRAYER.

WILLIAM HODSON.

But will God indeed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded?—1 KINGS viii. 27.

“SHALT Thou reside
In houses hands have fashioned? No; beyond
Creation's ample circuit, where the car
Of day ne'er shed his all-enlivening beam,
Thy power pervades and fills the endless void
Of chaos and of night. Yet deign to accept
This Temple, sacred to thy holy name,
And Thou, who dwell'st on high, receive our prayers.

“Forgive our past backslidings. May we grieve
No more that Holy Spirit, which has worked
Unnumbered miracles for Israel's sons.
Protect thy chosen race from murderous snares
Of proud deceitful men, who hunt for blood,
As roams the famished lion for his prey.
Arise, Oh King of kings, and disappoint
Their malice, who unmindful of their God,

Thy awful majesty, Thy power defy,
And bow the knee to Dagon; who amid
Their nightly orgies, chaunt in mad'ning choirs
His might divine, and give to sculptur'd stones
Thy glory and Thy name. Turn from these walls
Their sacrilegious hands, whose impious rage
Burns to defile these hallowed instruments,
These vessels to Thy service consecrate.
Oh let no blood to idols offer'd stain
This holy altar, nor within these roofs,
To other gods than Thee, let incense smoke.
Descend, celestial spirits! Ye who wait
Around the throne of God! descend, and guard
This heaven-devoted shrine.

“Come, holy Love!

Meek angel! daughter mild of Innocence
And Truth! leave, leave thy bright enthron'd abode
On high, and with Religion, sainted maid!
Propitious guide amid life's darksome vale
Our wand'ring steps. Oh send Thy cherub, Hope,
To chase from every contrite heart, the fiend
Despair; and let Thy mercy's gentlest ray,
Refreshing as the silver dew of heav'n
Upon the drooping flow'rs, descend to soothe
The weeping penitent. Breathe thro' our souls
Thy heav'nly ardour; teach us to implore
His tender mercies, whose paternal love
Forgave our disobedience.

“May our hearts

In duty firm, obsequious to His will,
His laws obey, and to his name alone

Our adoration give, till, rapt beyond
That starry canopy, where seraphs sweep
Their living lyres, and sing in notes divine
The endless wonders of creative pow'r,
We join th' immortal choir, and tune our harps
To endless raptures, and eternal praise."

He ceas'd. When lo! a mighty noise was heard
Of rushing winds, and fire from heav'n consum'd
The sacrifice. Upon the holy seat
The Shechinah descended, and illum'd
The Temple's spacious walls with radiant glory.
A burning cloud it seem'd, like that which erst
Attended Judah's sons, when, to avoid
The galling load of Pharaoh's iron sway,
From Egypt's land they fled. The unnumber'd host,
Amazed at the sight, with holy awe
Their faces veil'd, and prostrate on the ground
In hallelujahs hymn'd Jehovah's name,
To Him alone ascribing majesty
And pow'r. Jehovah's name the vaulted roofs
Rebound; their acclamations pierce the skies,
And with the smoke of sacrifice ascend,
A grateful incense, to the throne of God.

THE SHUNAMMITE.

N. P. WILLIS.

And he said unto his father, "My head, my head." And he said to a lad, "Carry him to his mother."

And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died.—2 KINGS iv. 19, 20.

THEY bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She lean'd
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learn'd
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

—— “So still!

Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! Oh God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness:—

—— “Yet so still!—

How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There were no pulse,—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that* there?
And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him?—and pray’d
Morning and night for him? and *could* he die?
No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and his fair hair
Will darken like his father’s, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall that I shall look
With such a pride upon him! *He* to die!”
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if ’twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish.—

—— Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touch'd
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving, that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand, and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lip to his—and looked again
Fearfully on him—and, then bending low,
She whispered in his ear, “My son!—my son!”
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still—
Motionless on her knee,—the truth *would* come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crush'd, she lifted him, and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!

* * * * *

The man of God came forth, and led the child
Unto his mother, and went on his way.
And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
Living, and smiling on her—with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more!

THE TRANSLATION OF ELIJAH.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.—2 KINGS ii. 11.

His lecture to the sad young prophets done,
And last adieus, the reverend seer goes on,
Obedient as the sacred instinct guides;
And now advanced to Jordan's verdant sides:
Elijah with his great successor stood,
And gave a signal to the passing flood;
The obsequious waters stay, for well they know
What to his high authority they owe.
While wave on wave, with silent awe, crowds back,
To leave a clean and spacious sandy track,
Elijah on with his companion goes;
Behind them soon the crystal ridges close,
No more reversed the troubled current flows.
Then forward still they went, discoursing high
Of heavenly bliss and immortality,
When from a cloud breaks (like the purple dawn),
By fiery steeds a fiery chariot drawn;
A glittering convoy, swift as that descends,
And in an instant parts th' embracing friends;

To the bright car conducts the man of God,
And mounts again the steep ethereal road.
The passing triumph lightens all the air
With ruddy lustre than high noon more fair,
And paints the clouds, than evening beams more gay,
Through which, with wondrous speed, they cut their way.
Now lofty piles of thunder, hail, and snow,
Th' artillery of Heaven, they leave below ;
Behold, the moon's pale glimmering regency
They leave, and now more free ascend the sky,
Breathing again immortal air, nor here
Resent the pressure of the atmosphere.
By holy ecstacies, and flames intense,
Here purged from all the dregs of mortal sense,
With heavenly lustre eminently gay,
Elijah wondering does himself survey :
All o'er surveys himself, and then the skies,
While new stupendous objects meet his eyes.
With his new being pleased, thus, the first man
As just to live and reason he began,
On hills and valleys, groves and fountains gazed ;
With skies and light thus ravished, thus amazed.
But now the utmost firmament they cleave,
And all the starry worlds behind them leave ;
Hark ! angels sing ! of light appear new streaks !
Celestial day with gaudy splendour breaks !
On heaven's rich, solid azure now they tread,
The blissful paths that to God's presence lead ;
While, to the new inhabitant, all the way
Loud welcomes on their harps the guardians play ;
A thousand joyful spirits crowd to meet
The glorious saint, and his arrival greet.

L'ENVOI.

EVENING TIME.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

It shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light.—ZECHARIAH xiv. 7.

AT evening time let there be light:—
Life's little day draws near its close;
Around me fall the shades of night,
The night of death, the grave's repose;
To crown my joys, to end my woes,
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time let there be light:—
Stormy and dark hath been my day;
Yet rose the morn benignly bright,
Dews, buds, and flowers cheer'd all the way;
Oh for one sweet, one parting ray!
At evening time let there be light.

At evening time there *shall* be light;—
For God hath said,—“So let it be!”
Fear, doubt, and anguish, take their flight,
His glory now is risen on me;
Mine eyes shall his salvation see;—
'Tis evening time, and there *is* light.

THE END.



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